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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EL ZORRO.

The new object of dread was a large gun, which had been brought upon the ground by one of those lately arrived. In all probability it belonged to El Zorro, as it was in his hands we first observed it. It appeared to be a long musket, or elephant-gun, such as the "roers" in use among South African hunters. Whatever sort of weapon it was, we soon found to our annoyance that it pitched an ounce of lead nearly twice as far as any of our rifles, and with sufficient precision to make it probable that, before the sun had set, El Zorro would be able to pick off our horses, and perhaps ourselves, in detail. It would be half an hour before darkness could screen us with its friendly shelter, and he had already commenced practice. His first shot had been fired. The bullet struck the cliff close to my own head, scattering the fragments of gypsum rock about my ears, and then fell, flattened like a Spanish dollar at my feet.

The report was far louder than that of either carbine or escopette; and an ejaculation from Rube, as he saw the effect of the shot, followed by his usual ominous whistle, told that the old trapper was not disposed to make light of this new piece of ordnance. Neither was Garey. His look testified to what all three of us were thinking—which was, that this mode of attack was likely to put us in a more awkward dilemma than we had yet been placed in. El Zorro might shoot us down at his leisure. With our rifles, we could neither answer his fire nor silence it. Our peril was obvious.

The salteador had delivered his first shot "off hand," for we had seen him level the piece. Perhaps it was fortunate for us he had not taken aim over a "lean;" but fortune from that source was not going to favor us any farther; for we now observed Ijurra stick two lances obliquely in the ground, so as to cross each other at a proper height, thus forming as perfect a rest as marksman could have desired.

As soon as the gun was reloaded, El Zorro knelt behind the lances, placed his barrel in the fork, and once more took aim.

I felt satisfied he was aiming at *me*, or my horse. Indeed, the direction of the long dark tube would have told me so; but I saw Ijurra directing him, and that made me sure of it. I had little fear for myself. I was sheltered sufficiently, but I trembled for the brave horse that shielded me.

I waited with anxious heart. I saw the blaze of the priming as it puffed upward; the red flame projected from the muzzle, and simultaneously I felt the shock of the heavy bullet striking upon my horse. Splinters of wood flew about my face; they were fragments of the saddle-tree. The ball had passed through the pommel, but my noble steed was untouched! It was close shot, however—too close to allow of repeating, so long as others of the like were to follow.

I was getting as "riled" as Rube himself, when, all at once, a significant shout from the old trapper drew my attention from El Zorro and his gun. Rube was on my right, and I saw that he was pointing along the bottom of the cliff to some object in that direction. I could not see what it was as his horses were in the way; but the next moment I observed him hurrying them along the cliff, at the same time calling to Garey and myself to follow.

I lost no time in putting my horse in motion, and Garey as hastily trotted after.

We had not advanced many paces before we comprehended the strange behavior of our companion.

Scarcely twenty yards from where we had first halted, a large rock rested upon the plain. It was a fragment that had fallen from the cliff, and was now lying several feet from its base; it was of such size, and in such a position, that there was ample space behind it to shelter both men and mules—room for us all!

We were only astonished we had not observed it sooner; but this was not to be wondered at, for its color corresponded exactly with that of the cliff, and it was difficult, even at twenty yards' distance, to distinguish it from the latter. Besides, our eyes, from the moment of our halting, had been turned in another direction.

We did not stay to give words to our surprise; but hurrying our horses along with us, with joyful exclamations we glided behind the rock.

It was not an echo of our joy, but a cry of disappointed rage, that pealed along the line of the cerrilla. They saw at once that their long gun could no longer avail them, and both Ijurra and his marksman were now seen dancing over the ground like madmen. El Zorro's *metier* was at an end.

A more perfect "harbor of refuge" could not have been found in all prairie-land. As Garey alleged, it "beat tree-timber all hollow." A little fortress, in fact, in which we might defy even twice the number of our assailants—unless, indeed, they should wax desperately brave, and try us hand to hand.

Our sudden disappearance had created a new sensation in their ranks. From their shouts, we could tell that some of them regarded it with feelings of wonder—perhaps with emotions of a still stronger kind. We could hear the exclamation "*Carrai!*" "*Carrambo!*" with the phrase "*los demonios!*" passing from mouth to mouth. Indeed, from the position which they occupied, must have appeared to them that we had gone to the cliff! The separation of the rock from the wall behind it was not perceptible from the plain, else we should have perceived it as we advanced forward.

If our enemies knew of this outlying boulder, it was strange they had left the way open to so easy a retreat—strange, since it did not correspond with the cunning they had otherwise given proofs of—and yet stranger they should be so ignorant of its existence. Most of them were natives of this frontier, and must have frequently visited the mesa, which was one of the "lions" of the district. Perhaps they had never troubled their thoughts about it. There is no people who take less interest in the rare features of their beautiful country than the Mexicans. Nature charms them not. A Mexican dwelling with a garden around it is a rarity—a lawn or a shrubbery is never seen; but indeed nature has bounteously supplied them with all these. They dwell amid scenes of picturesque beauty; they gaze over green savannahs—down into deep barrancas—up to the snow-crowned summits of mighty mountains—without experiencing one emotion of the sublime. A tortured bull—a steel-galved cock, Roman candles, and the Chinese wheel, are to them the sights of superior interest, and furnish them with all their petty emotions. So is it with nations, as with men who have passed the age of their strength, and reached the period of senility and second childhood.

But there was another, and perhaps a better, reason why none of our adversaries should be intimate with the locality. As my companions alleged, the spot was a favorite halting-place of the Comanches—*they* have an eye for the picturesque,—but perhaps the existence of a spring that was near had more to do in guiding the preference of these "lords of the prairie." The mesa, therefore, had for years been dangerous ground, and little trodden by the idle curious. Possibly not one of the heroes we saw before us had for years ventured so far out upon the plains.

RUBE'S PLAN.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A PLAN OF ESCAPE.

If our enemies were awed by our sudden disappearance, it was soon robbed of its mysterious character. Our faces, and the dark barrels of our rifles, visible around the edges of the white rock, must have dispelled all ideas of the supernatural. Having hastily disposed of our horses, we had placed ourselves thus—in case of a charge being made—though of this we had no longer any great apprehension; and still less as we watched the movements of our adversaries.

El Zorro continued for some time to fire his big gun—the bullets of which we could dodge as easily as if they had been turnips hurled at us—and the leaden missiles fell harmlessly at our feet. Seeing this, the salteador at length ceased firing, and, with another, rode off in the direction of the settlements, no doubt on some errand.

One pair of eyes was sufficient to watch the movements of the besiegers. Garey undertook this duty, leaving Rube and myself free to think over some plan of escape.

That we were not to be attacked was now certain. We had the choice, then, of two alternatives—either to keep the position we were in till thirst should force us to surrender, or attack *them*, and by a bold *coup*, cut our way through their line. As to the former, we well knew that thirst would soon compel us to yield. Hunger we dreaded not. We had our knives, and before us a plentiful stock of that food on which the prairie wanderer often sustains life. Horse-beef we had all eaten, and could do so again; but for the sister-appetite—thirst—we had made no provision. Our gourd-canteens were empty—had been empty for hours—we were actually pushing for the *mesa spring* when the enemy first came in sight. We were then athirst; but the excitement of the skirmish, with the play of passion incident thereto, had augmented the appetite, and already were we a prey to its keenest pangs. We mumbled as we talked, for each of us was chewing the leaden bullet.—Thirst, then, we dreaded even more than our armed enemy.

The other alternative was a desperate one—now more desperate than ever, from the increased number of our foes. To cut our way through them had no other signification than to fight the whole party hand to hand; and we regretted we had not done so when only eleven were opposed to us.

A little reflection, however, convinced us that we were in a yet better position. We could make the attempt in the darkness. Night would favor us to some extent. Could we succeed, by a bold dash, in breaking through their deployed line, we might escape under the friendly cover of darkness, and the confusion consequent upon the melee.

There was probability in this. The boldest was clearly the wisest course we could pursue. Desperate it appeared. One or other of us might fall, but it offered the only hope that *any* of us might get free, for we knew that to surrender was to be shot—perhaps worse—*tortured*.

We had but faint hopes of a rescue; so faint, we scarcely entertained them. I knew that my friends, the rangers, would be in search of me. Wheatley and Hollingsworth would not give me up without making an effort for my recovery; but then the search would be made in a different direction—that in which I had gone, and which lay many miles from the route by the mesa.—Even had they thought of sending to the mound, the search must have been already made, and the party returned from it. Too long time had elapsed to make any calculation on a chance like this. The hope was not worth holding, and we held it not.

For some time Rube and I thought in combination, canvassing the details of the plan that had offered. After awhile, we stood apart, and each pursued the train of his own reflections.

I declare that in that hour I had more painful thoughts than those that sprang from the peril of my situation; this I solemnly declare.

I have already said, that when I first recognized the leader of the guerrilla, I experienced an unpleasant suspicion. Since then, I had not time to dwell upon it—self-preservation engrossing all my thoughts. Now that I found more leisure for reflection, the dire doubt returned in full strength, and I bitterly pondered upon it.—Need I name the subject of my wretched reflections? Isolina de Vargas!

Knew she of this? Knew she that Ijurra was the chief of a guerrilla? Her cousin—sharer of the same roof—she could scarcely be ignorant of it! Who set him on our trail? Oh, bitter thought! was the hunt of the wild horse a *ruse*—a scheme—to separate me from my command, and thus render it an easier prey to the Mexican guerrilleros?—Perhaps my straggling followers were by this cut off? Perhaps the post had been attacked by a large body of the enemy—captured? I was not only to lose life, but had already lost my honor. I, the proud captain of a boasted troop, to be thus entrapped by artifice—the artifice of a woman!

My heart, overwhelmed with such bitter fancies, stayed not to reason.

Presently followed a calmer interval, and I began to discuss the probability of my suspicions. What motive could she have to plot my destruction? Surely not from any feeling of love for her country, and hatred towards its enemies?—From all I had learned, no such sentiment existed in her mind, but rather an opposite one—a truer patriotism. She was a woman of sufficient aim and intellect to have a feeling one way or the other; but had I not good grounds for believing her a friend to our cause; a foe to the tyrants we would conquer? If otherwise, I was the victim of profound deception and unparalleled hypocrisy!

Perhaps, however, her feeling was personal, not national. Was *I* alone the object of her hatred? Had I done aught by word or deed to call forth her antagonism—to deserve such cruel vengeance? If so, I was sadly ignorant of the fact. If she hated me, she hated one who loved *her*, with his whole soul absorbed in the passion. But no, I could not think that I was an object of hatred to her. Why should she hate me? How *could* she?

I could think of but one motive why she should make herself instrumental in the accomplishment of my ruin. It was explicable only on the presumption that she was attached to Ijurra—that Rafael Ijurra was the lord of her heart. If so, he could easily bend it to his will—for this is but the sequence of the other—could influence her to whatever act.

As for Ijurra, there was motive enough for his hostility, even to the seeking of my life. The insult put upon him at our first meeting—the knowledge that I loved *her*—for I was certain he knew it—with the additional fact that I was an enemy—one of the invaders—of his country.—These were sufficient motives, though, doubtless, the two first far outweighed the other: with Rafael Ijurra, revenge and jealousy were stronger passions than patriotism.

Then came consolation—thoughts of brighter hue. In the face of all was the fact, that *the white steed had been found* and captured! There stood the beautiful creature before my eyes. There was no deception in that—there could be none—no scheme could have contrived a contingency so remarkable.

Ijurra might easily have known of the expedition without *her* agency. Its result he would have learned from the returned vaqueros. He had time enough then to collect his band, and set after me. Perhaps she even knew not that he was a leader of guerrilleros? I had heard that his movements were shrouded in mystery—that mystery which covers the designs of the adventurer. He had served in the school of Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna—fit master of deception. Isolina might be innocent even of the knowledge of his acts.

I re-read Isolina's letter, weighing every word. Strange epistle, but natural to the spirit that had dictated it. In its pages I could trace no evidence of treason. No; Isolina was loyal—she was true!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ELIJAH QUACKENBOSS.

While these reflections were passing through my mind, I was standing, or rather leaning, with my back against the boulder, and my face towards the wall of the mesa. Directly in front of me was a recess or indentation in the cliff, carried groove-like upward, and deepening as it approached the summit. It was a slight gorge or furrow, evidently formed by the attrition of water, and probably the conduit of the rain that fell upon the table surface of the mound.

Though the cliffs on each side were perfectly vertical, the gorge had a considerable inclination—and the instant my eyes rested upon it, it occurred to me that the precipice at this point could be scaled!

Up to this moment I had not thought of such a thing; for I had been under the impression—from what my companions had told me—that the summit of the mesa was inaccessible.

Rousing myself to more energetic observation, I scrutinized the cliff from base to summit; and the more I regarded it the stronger grew my conviction that, without great difficulty, an active climber might reach the top. There were knob-like protuberances on the rock that would serve as footholds, and here and there, small bushes of the trailing cedar hung out from the seams, that would materially assist any one making the ascent.

While scanning these peculiarities, I was startled by observing several abrasions on the face of the rock. These marks appeared quite fresh, and evidently made by some other agency than that of the elements.

After a short examination, I became convinced that they were marks made by a human foot—the scratches of a strong-soled shoe. Beyond a doubt, *the cliff had been scaled!*

My first impulse was to communicate the discovery to my companions; but I forbore for a while—in order to satisfy myself that the person who had made this daring attempt had actually succeeded in reaching the summit.

Twilight was on, and I could get only an indistinct view of the gorge at its upper part, but I saw enough to convince me that the attempt had been successful.

What bold fellow had ventured this? and with what object? were the questions I naturally asked myself.

Vague recollections were stirring within me; presently they grew more distinct, and all at once I was able to answer both the interrogatories I had put. I knew the man who had climbed that cliff. I only wondered I had not thought of him before!

Among the many odd characters in the piebald band, of which I had the honor to be chief, not the least odd was one who answered to the euphonious name of "Elijah Quackenboss." He was a mixture of Yankee and German, originating somewhere in the mountains of Pennsylvania. He had been a schoolmaster among his native hills—had picked up some little book-learning; but what rendered him more interesting to me was the fact that he was a botanist. Not a very scientific one, it is true; but in whatever way obtained, he possessed a respectable knowledge of *flora* and *sylva*, and evinced an aptitude for the study not inferior to Linnæus himself. The more surprising was this, that such inclinations are somewhat rare among Americans—but Quackenboss no doubt drew his instincts from his Teutonic ancestry.

If his intellectual disposition was odd, not less so was his physical. His person was tall, crooked, and lanky; and none of those members that should have been counterparts of each other seemed exactly to match. His arms were odd ones—his limbs were unlike; and all four looked as if they had met by accident, and could not agree upon anything. His eyes were no better mated, and never consented to look in the same direction; but with the right one, Elijah Quackenboss could "sight" a rifle, and drive in the nail at a hundred yards' distance.

From his odd habits, his companions—the rangers—regarded him as hardly "square;" but this idea was partially derived from seeing him engaged in his botanical researches—an occupation that to them appeared simply absurd. They knew, however, that "Dutch Lige"—such was his sobriquet—could shoot "plum center;" and notwithstanding his quiet demeanor, had proved himself "good stuff at the bottom;" and this shielded him from the ridicule he would otherwise have experienced at their hands.

Than Quackenboss, a more ardent student of botany I never saw. No labor retarded him in the pursuit. No matter how wearied with drill or other duties, the moment the hours became his own, he would be off in search of rare plants, wandering far from camp, and at times placing himself in situations of extreme danger. Since his arrival on Texan ground, he had devoted much attention to the study of the *cactaceæ*, and now having reached Mexico, the home of these singular endogens, he might be said to have gone cactus mad. Every day his researches disclosed to him new forms of cactus or cereus, and it was in connection with one of these that he was now recalled to my memory. I remembered his having told me—for a similarity of tastes frequently brought us into conversation—of his having discovered, but a few days before, a new and singular species of *mamillaria*. He had found it growing upon a *prairie mound* which he had climbed for the purpose of exploring its botany, adding at the same time that he had observed the species only upon the top of this mound, and nowhere else in the surrounding country.

This mound was our mesa. It had been climbed by Elijah Quackenboss!

If he, awkward animal that he was, had been able to scale the height, why could not we?

This was my reflection; and without staying to consider what advantage we should derive from such a proceeding, I communicated the discovery to my companions.

Both appeared delighted, and after a short scrutiny, declared the path practicable. Garey believed he could easily go up; and Rube, in his terse way, said that his "joints wa'nt so stiff yit;" only a month ago he had "clomb a wuss-lukin bluff than it."

But now the reflection occurred, to what purpose should we make the ascent? We could not escape in that way! There was no chance of our being able to descend upon the other side, for there the cliff was impracticable. The behavior of the guerrilleros had given proof of this. Some time before, Ijurra, with another, had gone to the rear of the mound, evidently to reconnoitre it, in hopes of being able to assail us from behind. But they had returned, and their gestures betokened their disappointment.

Why, then, should we ascend, if we could not also descend on the opposite side? True, upon the summit we should be perfectly safe from an attack of the guerrilla, but not from *thirst*, and this was the enemy we now dreaded. Water would not be found on the top of the mesa. It could not better our situation to go there; on the contrary, we should be in a worse "fix" than ever. So said Garey. Where we were, we had our horses—a spare one to eat when that became necessary, and the others to aid us in our attempt to escape. Should we climb the cliff, these must be left behind. From the top was less than fifty yards, and our rifles would still cover them from the clutch of our enemies, but to what advantage? Like ourselves, they must in time fall before thirst and hunger.

The gleam of hope died within us, as suddenly as it had sprung up.

It could in nowise serve us to scale the cliff; we were better in our present position; we could hold that so long as thirst would allow us. We could not do more within the granite walls of an impregnable fortress.

This was the conclusion at which Garey and I had simultaneously arrived.

Rube had not yet expressed himself. The old man was standing with both hands clutching his long rifle, the butt of which rested upon the ground. He held the piece near the muzzle, partially leaning upon it, while he appeared gazing intently into the barrel. This was one of his "ways" when endeavoring to unravel a knotty question; and Garey and I, knowing this peculiarity on the part of the old trapper, remained silent—leaving him to the free development of his "instincts."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RUBE'S PLAN.

For several minutes, Rube preserved his meditative attitude, without uttering a word or making the slightest motion. At length a low but cheerful whistle escaped his lips, and at the same time his body became erect.

"Eh! what is't, old boy?" inquired Garey, who understood the signal, and knew that the whistle denoted some discovery.

Rube's reply was the interrogatory:

"How long's yur trail-rope, Bill?"

"It are twenty yards, good mizyure," answered Garey.

"An yurs, young fellur?"

"About the same length—perhaps a yard or two more."

"Good!" ejaculated the questioner, with a satisfied look. "We'll fool them niggurs yit—we will!"

"Hooraw for you, old boy! you've hit on some plan, hain't you?"

This was Garey's interrogatory.

"Sartintly, I hez."

"Let's have it, then, kummarade," said Garey, seeing that Rube had relapsed into silence; "thar ain't much time to think o' things—"

"Plenty o' time, Billee! Don't be so durned impatient, boy! Thur's gobs o' time. I'll stake my ole mar agin the young fellur's black hoss that we'll be out o' this scrape afore sun-up. Geehosophat! how they'll cuss when they finds the trap empty! He, he, he—ho, ho, hoo!"

And the old sinner continued to laugh for some seconds, as coolly and cheerfully as if no enemy was within a thousand miles of the spot.

Garey and I were chafing with impatience, but we knew that our comrade was in one of his queer moods, and it was no use attempting to push him faster than he was disposed to go.

When his chuckling fit was ended, he assumed a more serious air, and once more appeared to busy himself with the calculation of some problem. He spoke in soliloquy.

"Twenty yurds o' Bill's," muttered he, "an twenty o' the young fellur's, ur forty; an myen—it ur sixteen yurds—make the hul fifty an six; ye-es, fifty-six prezactly. Then thur's the knots to kum off o' thet, though forenenst 'em thur's bridles. Wagh! thur's rope a plenty, an enough over, to string up half a score o' them yeller-bellies, ef iver I gits holten 'em. An won't I? Wagh!"

During this arithmetical process, Rube, instead of gazing any longer into the barrel of his rifle, had kept his eyes wandering up and down the cliff. Before he had ceased talking, both Garey and myself had divined his plan, but we refrained from telling him so. To have anticipated the old trapper in his disclosure would have been a mortal offence.

We waited for him to make it known.

"Now, boyees!" said he, at length, "hyur's how we'll git clur. Fust an fo'most, we'll crawl up yander, soon's it gits dark enough to kiver us. Seconds, we'll tote our trail-ropes along wi' us. Thuds, we'll jine the three thegither, an ef thet ain't long enough, a kupple o' bridles 'll help out. Fo'th, we'll tie the eend o' the rope to a saplin up thur on top, an then slide down the bluff on t'other side, do ee see? Fift, oncest down on the paraira, we'll put straight for the settlements. Sixt an lastest, when we gits thur, we'll gather a wheen o' the young fellur's rangers, take a bee-line back to the mound, an gie these hyur niggurs sech a lambaystin as they ain't hed since the war begun. Now?"

"Now" meant—what think you of the plan? Mentally, both Garey and I had already approved of it, and we promptly signified our approval. It really promised well. Should we succeed in carrying out the details without being detected, it was probable enough that within a few hours we might be safe in the plazza of the rancheria, and quenching our thirst at its crystal well.

The anticipated pleasure filled us with fresh energy; and we instantly set about putting every thing in readiness. One watched while the other two worked. Our lazoes were knotted together, and the four horses fastened head to head with their bridles, and secured so as to keep them behind the boulder. This done, we awaited the falling of night.

Would it be a dark night? About this we now felt anxious. It was already closing down, and gave promise of favoring us; a layer of lead-colored clouds covered the sky, and we knew there could be no moon before midnight.

Rube, who boasted he could read weather-signs like a "salt-sea sailor," scrutinized the sky.

"Wal, old hoss!" interrogated Garey, "what do ye think on't? Will it be dark, eh?"

"Black as a bar!" muttered Rube, in reply; and then, as if not satisfied with the simile, he added: "Black as the inside o' a buffler bull's belly on a burnt paraira!"

The old trapper laughed heartily at the ludicrous conceit, and Garey and I could not refrain from joining in the laugh. The guerrilleros must have heard us; they must have deemed us mad!

Rube's prognostication proved correct; the night came down dark and lowering. The leaden layer broke up into black cumulus clouds, that slowly careered across the canopy of the sky. A storm portended; and already some big drops, that shot vertically downward, could be heard plashing heavily upon our saddles. All this was to our satisfaction; but at that moment a flash of lightning illumined the whole arch of the heavens, lighting the prairie as with a thousand torches. It was none of the pale lavender-colored light, seen in northern climes, but a brilliant blaze, that appeared to pervade all space, and almost rivalled the brightness of day.

Its sudden and unexpected appearance filled us with dismay; we recognized in it an obstacle to our designs.

"Durn the tarnal thing!" exclaimed Rube, peevishly. "It ur wuss than a moon, durn it!"

"Is it goin to be the quick-forky, or the long-blazey?" inquired Garey, with a reference to two distinct modes in which, upon these southern prairies, the electric fluid exhibits itself.

In the former, the flashes are quick and short-lived, and the intervals of darkness also of short duration. Bolts pierce the clouds in straight, lance-like shafts, or forking and zigzag, followed by thunder in loud unequal bursts, and dashes of intermittent rain.

The other is very distinct from this; there are no shafts or bolts, but a steady blaze which fills the whole firmament with a white quivering light, lasting many seconds of time, and followed by long intervals of amorphous darkness. Such lightning is rarely accompanied by thunder, and rain is not always its concomitant, though it was this sort we now witnessed, and rain-drops were falling.

"Quick-forky!" echoed Rube, in reply to his comrade's interrogatory; "no—dod rot it! not so bad as thet. It ur the blazey. Thur's no thunder, dont'ee see? Wal! we must grope our way up atween the glimps."

I understood why Rube preferred the "blazey;" the long intervals of darkness between the flashes might enable us to carry out our plan.

He had scarcely finished speaking, when the lightning gleamed a second time, and the prairie was lit up up like a theatre during the grand scene in a spectacle. We could see the guerrilleros standing by their horses, in cordon across the plain; we could distinguish their arms and

equipments—even the buttons upon their jackets! With their faces rendered ghastly under the glare, and their bodies magnified to gigantic proportions, they presented to our eyes a wild and spectral appearance.

With the flash there was no thunder—neither the close, quick clap, nor the distant rumble. There was perfect silence, which rendered the scene more awfully impressive.

"All right!" muttered Rube, as he saw that the besiegers still kept their places. "We must jest grope our way up atween the glimps; but fust let 'em see we're still dyur."

We protruded our faces and rifles around the rock, and in this position awaited another flash.

It came, bright as before; the enemy could not fail to have noticed us.

Our programme was already prepared; Garey was to ascend first, and take up the rope. He only waited for the termination of another blaze. One end of the lazo was fastened round his waist, and the rope hung down behind him.

When the light gleamed again, he was ready; and the moment it went out, he glided forward to the cliff, and commenced his ascent.

Oh, for a long interval of darkness!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SCALING THE CLIFF.

Oh, for a long interval of darkness!

Our hearts beat anxiously—at least I can answer for my own. Rube watched the guerrilleros, permitting his head to be seen by them. My eyes were bent upon the rocky wall, but through the thick darkness I looked in vain for our comrade. I listened to hear how he was progressing; I could distinguish a slight scratching against the cliff, each moment higher and farther away; but Garey climbed with a moccasined foot, and the noise was too faint to reach the ears of our enemies. Oh, for a long interval of darkness!

It appeared a long one; perhaps it was not five minutes, but *it felt* twice that, before the lightning again blazed forth. With the flash, I ran my eyes up the precipitous wall. Garey was still upon its face, scarcely midway up. He was standing on a ledge—his body flattened against the rock—and with his arms extended horizontally, he presented the appearance of a man crucified upon the cliff! So long as the glare lasted, he remained in this attitude, motionless as the rock itself.

I turned with anxious look towards the guerrilleros. I heard no voice; I observed no movement. Thank Heaven! they saw him not!

Near where he was resting, some bushes of the trailing cedar grew out of the cliff; their dark foliage mottled its white face, rendering the form of the climber less conspicuous.

Another long spell of darkness, another blaze of light.

I scanned the gorge: no human form was visible. I saw a dark line that, like a crack, vertically intersected the cliff from parapet to base: it was the rope Garey had carried up. He had reached the summit in safety!

It was my turn next—for Rube insisted on retaining the post of danger—and with my rifle slung on my back, I stood ready. I had given the parting whisper to my brave steed, and pressed his velvet muzzle to my cheek. With the last flicker of the electric gleam, I seized the hanging lazo, and drew myself upward.

I had confidence in the rope: I knew it was fastened above, or safe in the strong grasp of Garey. With its aid, the ascent was rendered easy. I experienced no difficulty in climbing from ledge to ledge, and before the light came again, I had reached the crest of the cliff.

We lay flat among the bushes that grew by the very brink, scarcely showing our faces to the front.

I saw that the rope had been fastened round the trunk of a small tree. Presently we perceived by its jerking that Rube had begun his ascent. Shortly after, we could hear him sprawling and scratching upward, and then his thin dark form loomed over the edge of the cliff, and dead beat for breath, he staggered silently into the bushes beside us. Even in the darkness, I noticed something peculiar in his appearance: his head looked smaller, but I had no time to question him.

We waited only for another glance at the guerrilleros; they were still at their posts, evidently unconscious of our movements. Rube's catskin cap, cunningly adjusted upon the boulder, satisfied them that we were still at ours; and explained, moreover, the oddness I had observed about the upper story of the trapper.

Rube had now recovered wind; and gathering up the rope, we stole away over the table-summit to search for a place of descent.

On reaching the opposite side, we at once found what we wanted—a tree near the edge of the cliff. Many small pines grew upon the escarpment; and selecting one, we knotted the rope securely around its trunk.

There was yet much to be done before any of us could attempt the descent. We knew that the cliff was more than a hundred feet in vertical height, and to glide down a rope of that length is a trying feat, worthy the most expert of tars. None of us might be able to accomplish it: the first could be lowered down easily enough, and this was our intention; so might the second; but the other would have to glide down the rope.

We were not long delayed by the contemplation of this obstacle: my comrades were men of quick thought; and a plan to lessen the difficulty soon suggested itself. Their knives were out in a trice: a sapling was procured, and cut into short pieces; these were notched, and tied at intervals along the rope. Our "Jacob's ladder" was ready.

It still remained to make sure that the rope was of sufficient length. The knots had somewhat shortened it; but this point was soon settled with like ingenuity. A small stone was tied to one end, and then dropped over the cliff. We listened: we heard the dull "thump" of the stone upon the prairie turf. The rope therefore reached to the ground.

It was again drawn up, the stone taken out, and the noose fastened around the body of Rube, under his armpits. He was the lightest, and for this reason had been chosen to make the first descent, as he would least try the strength of the rope—still a doubtful point. The ascent had not proved it—for in climbing up, but one-half of our weight had been upon it, our feet resting either against the cliff, or upon its ledges. On reaching the plain, Rube was to submit the rope to trial, before either Garey or I should attempt to go down. This he was to do by adding a large stone to his own weight—making both at least equal to that of Garey, who was by far the heaviest of the party.

All being arranged, the old trapper slid silently over the edge of the cliff—Garey and I giving out the rope slowly, and with caution. Foot by foot, and yard by yard, it was drawn through our hands by the weight of the descending body, now lost to our sight over the brow of the cliff.

Still slowly, and with caution, we allowed the lazo to pass, taking care that it should glide gradually, so as not to jerk, and cause the body of our comrade to vibrate with too much violence against the rocks.

We were both seated close together, our faces turned to the plain. More than three-quarters of the rope had passed from us, and we were congratulating ourselves that the trial would soon be over, when, to our dismay, the strain ceased with a suddenness that caused both of us to recoil upon our backs! At the same instant, we heard the "twang" of the snapping rope, followed by a sharp cry from below!

We sprang to our feet, and mechanically recommenced hauling upon the rope. The weight was no longer upon it; it was light as packthread, and returned to our hands without effort.

Desisting, we fronted each other, but not for an explanation. Neither required it; neither uttered a word. The case was clear—the rope had broken—our comrade had been hurled to the earth.

With a simultaneous impulse we dropped upon our knees; and, crawling forward to the brink of the precipice, looked over and downward. We could see nothing in the dark abysm that frowned below; and we waited till the light should break forth again.

We listened with ears keenly set. Was it a groan we heard? a cry of agony? No; its repetition told us what it was—the howl of the prairie-wolf. No human voice reached our ears. Alas, no! Even a cry of pain would have been welcome, since it would have told us our comrade still lived. But no, he was silent—dead—perhaps broken to atoms!

It was long ere the lightning gleamed again. Before it did, we heard voices. They came from the bottom of the cliff directly under us; but there were two, and neither was the voice of the trapper. It is easy to distinguish the full intonation of the Saxon from the shrill treble of the sons of Anahuac. The voices were those of our foes.

Presently the light discovered them to us. Two there were. They were on horseback, moving on the plain below, and close in to the cliff. We saw them distinctly, but we saw not what we had expected—the mangled body of our comrade! The gleam, long continued, had given us full time to scrutinise the ground. We could have distinguished upon it any object as large as a cat. Rube, living or dead, was certainly not there!

Had he fallen into the hands of the guerrilla? The two we saw carried lances, but no prisoner. It was not likely they had captured him; besides, we knew that Rube, unless badly crippled, would never have surrendered without a struggle, and neither shot nor shout had been heard.

We were soon relieved from all uneasiness on this score. The brigands continued their conversation, and the light breeze wafted their voices upwards, so that we could distinguish part of what was said.

"Carrambo!" exclaimed one impatiently; "you must have been mistaken? It was the coyote you heard."

"Capitan! I am confident it was a man's voice."

"Then it must have proceeded from one of the *pícaros* behind the rock. There is no one out here? But come! let us return by the other side of the mesa—*vamos!*"

The hoof-strokes admonished us that they were passing onward to carry out the design of the last speaker, who was no other than Ijurra himself.

It was a relief to know that *our* comrade had not yet fallen into their clutches. How far he was injured, we could not have an idea. The rope had given way close to the top, and Rube had carried most of it down with him. In the confusion, we had not noticed how much remained, *behind* our hands, when he fell; and now we could only guess. Seeing that he had disappeared from the spot, we were in high hope that he had sustained no serious injury.

But whither had he gone? Had he but *crawled* away, and was he yet in the neighborhood of the mesa? If so, they might light upon him. Hiding-place there was none, either by the base of the cliff or on the surrounding plain.

Garey and I were anxious about the result—the more so, that the guerrilleros had heard his cry, and were in search of him. He might easily be found in such a naked spot.

We hastily formed the determination to cross the table summit to the other side, and watch the movements of the two horsemen.

Guided by their voices, we once more knelt above them, at the rearmost angle of the mound. They had there halted to examine the ground, and only waited for the flash; we, too, waited above them, and *within range*.

"We kin fetch them out o' thar saddles?" whispered my companion.

I hesitated to give my assent; perhaps it was prudence that restrained me, for I had now conceived hopes of a surer deliverance.

At that moment gleamed the lightning; the dark horsemen loomed large under its yellow glare; they were less than fifty paces from the muzzles of our guns; we could have sighted them with sure aim; and, bayed as we had been, I was almost tempted to yield to the solicitations of my companion.

Just then an object came under our eyes that caused both of us to draw back our half-levelled rifles—that object was the body of our comrade Rube. It was lying flat along the ground, the arms and legs stretched out to their full extent, and the face buried deep in the grass. From the elevation at which we viewed it, it appeared like the hide of a young buffalo spread out to dry, and pinned tightly to the turf. But we knew it was not that; we knew it was the body of a man dressed in brown buckskin—the body of the earless trapper! It was not dead neither; no dead body could have placed itself in such an attitude, for it lay flattened along the turf like a gigantic newt.

The object of this attitude was evident to us, and our hearts beat with a painful anxiety while the light flickered around. The body was scarcely five hundred yards out; but though perfectly visible from our position, it must have been inconspicuous to the horsemen below; for as soon as it darkened, we heard them, to our great relief, ride back toward the front, Ijurra reiterating his doubts as they passed away. Fortunate it was for both him and his companion they had not espied that prostrate form—fortunate for Rube—for all of us!

Garey and I kept our places, and waited for another flash. When it came, the brown buckskin was no longer in sight! Far off—nearly a mile off, we fancied we could distinguish the same form flattened out as before; but the gloom of the prairie-grass rendered our vision uncertain.

Of one thing, however, we were certain—our comrade had escaped.

CHAPTER XL.

A REINFORCEMENT.

For the first time, since encountering the guerrilla, I breathed freely, and felt confident we should get free. My comrade shared my belief; and it is needless to say that we recrossed the summit of the mesa with lighter hearts and step more buoyant.

Of course we no longer speculated about making the descent; with the fragment of rope left, that was impossible. We were simply returning to the front, to keep an eye upon the guerrilleros, and, if possible, prevent them from approaching our horses—should they by any chance discover that we had retreated from our position behind the rock.

We were the more anxious about our horses, now that we had less apprehension for ourselves; at least I can answer for myself, and the explanation is easy. So long as I felt the probability that every moment might be the last of my life, the fate of Moro and the white steed was but a secondary consideration. Now that I felt certain I should survive this perilous escapade, the future once more urged its claims; and I was anxious not only to preserve my own steed, but the beautiful creature that had led me into all this peril, but whose capture still promised its rich reward.

That all danger was past—that in a few hours we should be free, was the full belief both of my companion and myself. Perhaps you may not comprehend from what *data* we drew so confident and comfortable a conclusion, though our reasoning was simple enough. We knew that Rube would reach the rancheria, and return with a rescue—that was all.

'Tis true we were not without *some* anxiety. The rangers might no longer be there?—the army might have marched?—perhaps the picket was withdrawn? Rube himself might be intercepted, or slain?

The last hypothesis gave us least concern. We had full trust in the trapper's ability to penetrate to the American camp—to the enemy's, if necessary. We had just been favored with a specimen of his skill. Whether the army had advanced or not, Rube would reach it before morning, if he should have to steal a horse upon the way. He would soon find the rangers; and, even without orders, Hollingsworth would *lend* him a few—half-a-dozen of them would be enough. In the worst view of the case, there were stragglers enough about the camp—odd birds, that could easily be enlisted for such a duty. We had scarcely a doubt that our comrade would come back with a rescue.

As to the time, we were left to conjectures. It might be before morning's light—it might not be before late in the following day, or even the night after. But that was a consideration that now weighed lightly. We could hold our aerial fortress for a week—a month—ay, far longer, and against hundreds. We could not be assailed. With our rifles to guard the cliff, no storming-party could approach—no forlorn-hope could scale our battlements!

But what of thirst and hunger, you will ask? Ha! we dreaded not either. Fortune's favors had fallen upon us in showers. Even on that lone summit, we found the means to assuage the one and satisfy the other!

In crossing the table-top, we stumbled upon huge *echinocacti*, that grew over the ground like ant-hills or gigantic bee-hives. They were the *mammillaria* of Quackenboss—dome-shaped, and some of them ten feet in diameter. Garey's knife was out in a trice; a portion of the spinous coat of the largest was stripped off, its top truncated, and a bowl scooped in the soft succulent mass. In another minute, we had assuaged our thirst from this vegetable fountain of the desert.

With similar facility were we enabled to gratify the kindred appetite. As I had conjectured, on viewing them from the plain, the trees of light-green foliage were "pinons"—the "nut-pine" (*Pinus edulis*,) of which there are several species in Northern Mexico, whose cones contain seeds edible and nutritious. A few handfuls of these we gathered, and hungered no more. They would have been better roasted, but at that moment we were contented to eat them raw.

No wonder, then, that with such a supply for the present, and such hopes for the future, we no longer dreaded the impotent fury of our foes.

We lay down at the top of the gorge to watch their further movements, and cover our horses from their attack. The flash of the lightning showed them still on guard, just as we had left them. One of each file was mounted, while his companion, on foot, paced to and fro in the intervals of the cordon. Their measures were cunningly taken; they were evidently determined we should not steal past them in the darkness!

The lightning began to abate, and the intervals between the flashes became longer and longer.

During one of these intervals, we were startled by the sound of hoof-strokes at some distance off; it was the tramp of horses upon the hard plain. There is a difference between the hoof-stroke of a ridden horse and one that is riderless, and the prairie man is rarely puzzled to distinguish them. My companion at once pronounced the horses to be "mounted."

The guerrilleros, on the alert, had heard them at the same time as we, and two of them now galloped out to reconnoitre. This we ascertained only by *hearing*, for we could not distinguish an object six feet from our faces—the darkness was almost palpable to the touch.

The sounds came from a considerable distance, but we could tell that the horsemen were advancing toward the mesa.

We drew no hope from this advent. Rube could not yet have even reached the rancheria. The new-comers were El Zorro and his companion on their return.

We were not kept long in doubt; the horsemen approached, and shouts and salutations were exchanged between them and the guerrilleros, while the horses of both parties neighed in response, as if they knew each other.

At this moment the lightning shone again, and to our surprise we perceived not only El Zorro, but a reinforcement of full thirty men! The trampling of many hoofs had half prepared us for this discovery.

It was not without feelings of alarm that we beheld this accession to the enemy's strength. Surely they would no longer hesitate to assail our fortress behind the rock? At least our horses would be captured? Besides, Rube's rescue might be too weak for such a force? There were nearly fifty.

Our anxiety as to the first two points was soon at an end. To our astonishment, we perceived that no assault was to be made as yet. We saw them increase the strength of their cordon of sentries, and make other dispositions to carry on the siege. Evidently they regarded us as hunters do the grizzly bear, the lion, or tiger—not to be attacked in our lair. They dreaded the havoc which they well knew would be made by our rifles and revolvers; and they determined to reduce us by starvation. On no other principle could we account for the cowardly continence of their revenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

THE WAR TRAIL;
A Romance of the War with Mexico,
BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

We design shortly commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON. Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. E. L. If our correspondent will call at our office, she can have our files to look over, to find the poem desired.

M. A. W. We have but one answer for every one desiring to contribute to THE POST—send us your article, and we can then judge of its suitability to our columns. There is no use of writing a preparatory letter, and putting us to the labor of writing one in return. This is a busy world, so far as newspaper editors are concerned, and we do not take very cheerfully to any superfluous labor. We wish all our correspondents would remember this.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD.
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In our next paper, we design commencing the above Novelet by Mrs. Denison. It will be illustrated weekly with an engraving. Of course these numerous illustrations, designed and engraved expressly for the POST, are very costly, but we trust they will add proportionately to the entertainment of our readers. We shall try to hit the happy medium in the number of our engravings—so as to adorn and illustrate our pages, while we avoid making our paper a mere pictorial sheet. Those wishing to subscribe to the POST, will find the opening of "Chip" a first-rate starting point.

THE MORMONS.

We are pleased to see it stated that 2,000 United States troops are on their way to Utah. We trust that the new Governor of that Territory will not prove to be a maudlin, "rose water philanthropist," but a man with a little (the more the better) of the Cromwell and Jackson directness, energy and decision. We have not a particle of doubt ourself, that the stories of Mormon lawlessness and licentiousness are in the main true. The recent breaking up of a United States Court, and previous burning of the records, develope only a little more openly their determination to be a law unto themselves. The sooner they are brought to a sense of the fact that they are located upon territory belonging to the United States, the better for all parties. If they wish to build up a new Sodom, let them purchase the sovereignty of some tract of land—some island in the Pacific would be the best location for them—and organize corruption there to their hearts' content. Then none of the nations of the earth would meddle with them. But every nation is responsible for the institutions which it allows to grow up upon its own soil, and under its own flag—and therefore the Polygamists and Theocrats of Utah must be made to conform to the common American notions of what is right and proper, so long as they remain among us. Such an ulcer cannot be allowed so near the centre and core of this continent—and a little wholesome severity now would prevent great suffering hereafter.

THE SHAKSPEARE QUESTION.

Several weeks ago, we mentioned that Miss Delia Bacon's book on the authorship of Shakspeare's Plays, was in press, and told our readers something of what we knew of the theory it advances. Since then, the first part of her work, bearing the title of "The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspeare Unfolded," has appeared in England, with an introduction from our distinguished fellow-countryman, the author of "The Scarlet Letter," and our present Consul at Liverpool, Nathaniel Hawthorne. If there is any subject upon which people might be expected to keep cool, and which they might be supposed to be willing to examine dispassionately, it is an abstract literary subject of this kind. Removed as it is from our immediate practical life, from the sphere of our personal world'y interests and excitements, it is difficult to imagine why any one should get into a rage about it. But the English literary journals are, so to speak, black in the face with spite and fury over poor Miss Bacon's production.—Even *Punch*, speaking of the book, drops his usual mask of pert persiflage, and shows features of flippant ferocity; while the priggish and bookish *Athenæum*—the Turveydrop of the English literary journals—all "deportment"—loses its starched and corseted dignity, and its formal air of strict gentility, and sneers, frets, fumes and scolds in genuine and spiteful earnest. Here are Mr. *Punch's* remarks on the subject;—those among our readers who are unable to see their appositeness, their manliness, and their genial and delicate humor, are, of course, stupid people:

"A Miss Delia Bacon has written a book, entitled 'The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspeare Unfolded.' That philosophy, as unfolded by Miss Bacon, turns out to be not Shakspeare's at all, but to belong to Raleigh, to Miss Bacon's namesake of Verulam and the Novum Organon, and to others than the divine Williams. Miss Bacon had better fold Shakspeare's pages, than attempt to unfold his philosophy; she is evidently unable to read him, and should shut him up. Let her henceforth confine herself to the unfolding of table cloths and other linen matters more fit to be unfolded by feminine powers, than those sheets which contain the philosophy of Shakspeare."

"More fit to be unfolded by feminine powers!" What an idea of the sex the writer must have had when he meted out the unfolding of table linen as the measure of female capacity! Aspasia, Sappho, Artemisia, Joan D'Arc, Recamier, Roland, De Staël, Elizabeth Browning, Hannah More, Grace Darling, Sarah Martin, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale—each and all equal only to the unfolding of table cloths!

Punch is understood to wear the motley, and sets up as the licensed jester of the age, immunity being granted to the cap and bells. So long as he maintains the character in the service of truth and right, well and good; no one will complain. But serious men will seriously call him to account when he leaves his province. The world has not forgotten that Aristophanes joked virtue out of public reverence in Greece, and brought Socrates to the hemlock; nor that Cervantes laughed chivalry and honor out of Spain, and inaugurated its age of suspicion, materialism, and vice. We need to keep a sharp eye on *Punch*, lest he serve Anglo-Saxondom as Cervantes served Spain, and Aristophanes Athens. And, at any rate, when he drops his conventional character, and, as in this instance, blurts out a witless and scurril scoff at the capacity of woman—the genuine hog-man appearing in every word of it—it is time for criticism to take him in hand, and trounce him soundly.

So much for Mr. *Punch*. As for the *Athenæum*—which is also a power upon earth, characterized by a great deal of talent, cleverness, and erudition, but also expressing very well the cold, formal, insular, prejudiced, supercilious, aristocratic English literary snob—it is afflicted with a chronic dislike for American books of any note, and it is not, therefore, at all strange to see its very sensitive and flexible nose turned up once again at an American author, or to see it indulge in a gentlemanly, or even ungentlemanly, fury, on such a topic. Its remarks on the work in point, are too long for quotation. Of course, we know little of Miss Bacon's theory, have not yet read her book, and are not therefore prepared to say whether we think her views profound or shallow, right or wrong. But nothing could predispose a candid and truth-loving mind in her favor, more than the perusal of such a review as the *Athenæum's*. It is impertinent, disrespectful, sexual; it sneers, and jeers, and insults; it quotes for animadversion, several passages, one of which at least, it seriously garbles and then ridicules, while it evades the force and point of the others; it deals with the writer instead of the book; and not only forgets the courtesy it owes to the woman, but the justice it owes to the author. As for the other English journals, their reviews are only noticeable for the spite with which—evading any consideration of the book itself on the plea of its dullness and unintelligibility—they spar at Mr. Hawthorne for allowing his name to appear on the title-page.

Now for the application. We should not notice these persons and papers at all, if their remarks woke no echoes on this side of the water. But we have among us some gentlemen who are always anxiously listening to the words that get uttered on the English side of the Atlantic, and who do not dare to utter a thought that is not first endorsed by the literats of London. Now we have a kind and true respect for the opinions of any intelligent and fair-minded man in any country; but we hold that it is at once the right and the duty of every American to have and hold ideas of his own, and not to be content with a servile and slavish imitation and repetition of the ideas of other nations. Consequently, we naturally feel moved to put our pen in rest, and run a tilt for Miss Bacon, when, in the Boston *Transcript*—a journal certainly conducted with great ability, its columns often luminous with the thoughts of gentlemen and scholars—we read the following curious paragraph, introductory to a citation of the remarks of the English critics:—

"Miss Delia Bacon's 'Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspeare' has appeared in England with an introduction by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The work is handled with just severity by the critics, and it is to be regretted, we think, that Hawthorne has allowed his name to be associated, even so slightly with the book."

Jedburgh justice this—hanging first and trial afterwards! Condemn Miss Bacon's book now, and by-and-bye give it a perusal! Bring discredit upon the subsequent arguments and proofs she says she has to offer, before they are even put on paper! Praise the rude and pig-headed strictures of the petty peasters of the English press, and disparage Hawthorne for giving the book the advantage of his approval—Hawthorne, one single word of approbation from whom is worth a million pages of blame from that paltry tribe of book-worms, pick-a-prics, and effervescing ink-pots!

Now then, we ask for Miss Bacon just what she and every other person deserves—a fair hearing for her thought, and judgment afterwards. Against the paragraph of the *Transcript*—too likely to bias the public mind, and insensibly influence the pens of the reviewers—we put this simple statement: Miss Bacon is a scholar "and a ripe and good one;" she has an honorable literary reputation among those who know her best; she is a lady, admired, respected and beloved; and she *is* an American woman whose name and fame belong to this country. Let her have justice. Her theory of the authorship of the Shakspearean plays, may be mistaken, and it may not be;—we know little about it, and can say nothing, till we have examined it fully and fairly. We only know that she has given the best years of her life to its elucidation; and that she has arrived at a conviction of its truth after long, patient, and conscientious investigation. Our taken-for-granted, unquestioned idea of the authorship of those plays is as nothing weighed against the conviction of those years of thoughtful examination. If, in the very face of tradition, assertion, and apparent evidence, she, by her own intellectual penetrative power, her scholarship, and her careful philosophic and historic research, has discovered another author for those plays than him we have believed in, she has done that which the unadventurous, convention-cramped, and hide-bound scholarship and intellect of England has not been able to do—has not dared to do, though often sorely tempted by the internal evidence of the plays, and the external incongruity of Shakspeare's life with the plays. If she has done this, the honor of her discovery will add to the historic honor of America. And if she fails to prove her theory as to the authorship, let it be remembered that that theory is but a part of her work;—that beside it, judging by the extracts we have seen and the reports we have heard, there is left a broader and fuller interpretation of the philosophy of the plays than the world has yet arrived at—a revelation of their social and political significance in relation to the time in which they appeared, an ampler declaration of their scope, purpose, and meaning, and an exposition of their character as a part of the history of constitutional and representative government. As Mr. Hawthorne justly and eloquently says—"her failure will be more honorable than most people's triumphs, since it must fling upon the old tombstone at Stratford-on-Avon the noblest tributary wreath that has ever lain there." To which we add—speaking from our own knowledge of her intellectual power and erudition—that, whatever befall her theory of the authorship, the body of her work must constitute a magnificent monument of American genius and scholarship. It is for the press of this country to see to it that she, a person of rare talent and culture, and one of our own people, is not chilled or discouraged by any pre-judgment or undeserved censure, but encouraged to the full utterance of what is in her mind. No echo of bitter and biased English criticism should be found lurking here. Let us unite to show Europe that in America independent and impartial justice prevails—that here, no question is settled till both sides are fairly weighed—and that Miss Bacon's assertion that Shakspeare was not the author of the plays ascribed to him, is just as respectable to us as other people's assertion that he was, until we have examined her arguments, and find them unreasonable or fallacious.

A WORD FOR MRS. KEMBLE.

We published, a few weeks ago, several rather amusing anecdotes from a Boston paper, relating to Mrs. Frances A. Kemble, ex-actress and author. It is due to our reputation as fair and faithful journalists, to say that a lady—a personal friend of Mrs. Kemble—publishes a letter in the Boston *Bee*, denying or discrediting the statements of the most disagreeable of the anecdotes published. The lady thinks that the story about Mrs. Kemble refusing the copy of Shakspeare sent her by a well-known publishing house, on the ground that she never received presents from tradesmen—is untrue; and supports her surmise by stating that it is a point of principle with Mrs Kemble not to accept gifts from strangers, because it places her under unpleasant obligations. It is also stated that a copy of Hudson's Shakspeare was sent her, declined in the most respectful and becoming manner, on the above grounds but afterwards purchased by her. We must say, that we think her principle in this respect altogether politic and right.

As for the story about the "cut direct" given by Mrs. Kemble to the author of "Passion Flowers," the fact is admitted as a possibility and the defence suggested that such a reproof was no more than was deserved by the lady. We do not admire some of the "utterances" the poem which refers to Mrs. Kemble—thinking them in excessively bad taste—but we feel at the same time pretty confident that no offence was intended. Both Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Howe are women of decided genius—and we are disposed to be to both,

"To their faults a little blind,
And to their failings very kind."

What Many Might Do.—An old subscriber in *Princeville, Illinois*, who considers THE POST (as very many others say they also do) "the best family paper printed in the United States," sends us the names of 72 subscribers, and hopes to be able to increase the list to 100. Princeville contains only about 300 inhabitants at the present time—though judging from this sign, it is the prince of villages, and on its way towards becoming a large and energetic town.

Now there are hundreds of others who think just as favorably of THE POST as our true friend in Princeville does—and who, if they would consent to take a little trouble, could do just much for us, and for their neighbors—for we consider the introduction of a good family paper into a neighborhood, is doing it no mean service. Will not some of them be incited to action by the example of our friend at Princeville?

The California Spring.—A friend writing from Alameda, California, under date of April 17th, speaks of the strawberries being already ripe. Our strawberries *now* are just about in full bloom. Perhaps it is not generally known that the strawberry vines bear in California for five or six months—making a strawberry *season* indeed.

Allen's Patent Mower and Reaper.—We call attention to the advertisement of this Mower and Reaper. Mr. Allen claims for it, that it is "the most perfect machine yet invented." It produces a number of strong testimonials from competent judges in its behalf.

☞ When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down to those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Brace's new book, "The Norse-Folk," which we noticed in last week's Post, contains, among much other interesting matter, an account of the Swedish schools. It is pleasant in making the following quotation referring to the system of gymnastics which forms a feature of those institutions in that country, to think that there is a gradually increasing interest on this subject in our own country, and that the same feature is becoming apparent in our public schools in various sections of the land. Mr. Brace says:—

"There are two respects in which the Swedish "school system is far superior to ours. One is "the universal teaching of gymnastic exercises. "Every school building has its large, high room, "with earthen and matted floor, and all sorts of "implements for developing the muscles—lad-"ders, poles, wooden horses, cross-bars up to the "roof, jumping places, ropes for swinging, knot-"ted ropes for climbing, &c. The scholars are "not allowed to exercise on what they wish, but "there is a regular, scientific, arranged system. "They are trained in squads, and move and "march, sometimes to music, at the word of "command. At a large public school at Stock-"holm I saw the lads at their noon lessons at "gymnastics. The teacher gave the word, and "a dozen sprang out toward a tall pole with "cross-bars, and clambering up to it, each hung "with his legs; then again they recovered them-"selves down. Another party, one after the "other, climbed up a naked mast; others pulled "themselves up, hand over hand, on a knotted "rope; others in succession played leap-frog "over a wooden horse; they then marched to "the beat of the drum. The smaller and weaker "boys begin with the lowest grade of exercise, "and follow up according to a scientific system "arranged for health. They all seem to go into "it with relish, and showed well-trained muscu-"lar power. I could not but conclude that the "superior *physique* of the Swedish men is not "entirely due to climate. • • • •

"The gymnastic system is a regular medical sys-"tem in Sweden. Prof. Ling has an elaborate "treatise on it. I found the treatment in much "use for nervous, bilious, and dyspeptic disor-"ders, both among men and women, the most "intelligent people having great confidence in "it."

Mr. Brace urges the adoption of the same system in our public schools, and says, very justly, that the introduction of a good method of physical training might change the whole bodily and sanitary condition of our growing population. Mr. Barnard, of Hartford, Connecticut, he says, is much interested in the subject, and has obtained models and plans of the Swedish implements and machinery with a view to the introduction of the system in that State. Our own conviction of the importance of physical discipline as an element in the structure of the school system, is very strong, and we hail every movement made in this direction. Our object in making the above quotation from Mr. Brace's book, is to give our readers, who have all the reason to be interested in this subject that we have, an idea of how the thing is done in other countries, and to stimulate them to thought and action in this relation. Frederic the Great was fond of asserting, jocularly, that nature no doubt intended men for postilions, and only forgot to have them born on horseback;—his meaning was that by the very constitution of our nature, exercise is absolutely necessary to us. There is nothing truer. It is not only the body that is improved by muscular exercise, but the mind also. We have not a doubt that the splendid intellectual vigor of the antique nations—and all reading people know the magnificent measure of their supremacy—was in a great degree due to their robust and athletic bodily discipline. To box, to throw the quoit, to run, to wrestle was customary among all classes in the life of the old times. Sound body, sound mind—was an old Latin maxim. And it was not only a formula of the thinkers, but, as we all know, was practically incorporated in the life of the classic states. A slow-sure public opinion is, we rejoice to say, gradually incorporating the same maxim into the practical life of our Republic;—beginning with its schools. It is said that this generation has degenerated in physical condition from the last—that is, in the large towns and cities. We hope the next generation will be able through our efforts in its favor to give a better report of itself. We cannot urge too strongly the necessity of adopting a regularly organized, scientific system of physical education in all our schools—a system which shall exist in equal proportion with that of mental education already established. It should be adopted for both sexes. Girls and young women have as much need of it as boys and young men. The ensuing generation would be all the sturdier and healthier, mentally and physically, if we would furnish the means to make the mothers of that generation healthy and sturdy in body and mind. Children often take entirely after the condition of the mother—always take after her in some degree; and it is the greatest possible mistake to restrict the girls of the family from participation in the same athletic exercises in which the boys are wont to indulge, or to prevent woman, in any way, from obtaining as high a degree of muscular development as she is capable of obtaining. We would, if we had to make a choice of alternatives, ten times rather have a girl of ours an Amazonian tomboy, than to have her a pale and puny weakling—and this simply on the principle that the best of two evils is the least. Say what we will—woman needs the hard biceps muscle as much as man, for in the majority of cases, her grapple with life is as desperate and stern. Therefore—for these among other reasons—we would have the system of physical education instituted as much for females as for males, and we hope it will be instituted, and on a large and generous scale, for both, before long.

☞ The Tartars pull a man by the ear when they want him to drink, and keep pulling until he opens his mouth, when they pour down the liquor. We know some folks whose ears would not require much pulling.

☞ The little I have seen of the world, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whom it came.

☞ A tree of large circumference sprang from a root as delicate as a hair; a tower of nine stories arose out of a handful of earth; a journey of a thousand leagues began by a step.

☞ The sage fears glory as much as ignominy. Glory is something low. When a man has it, he is filled with fear; when he has lost it, he is filled with fear.

New Publications.

Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. By Donald Mac Leod. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

The life of Mary, Queen of Scots, is an old theme, and, with all credit to the author's good intentions, we must say that we cannot admire the latest treatment of it. The book is turgid and declamatory in style, and the incidents are presented with a disagreeable melodramaticism. Perhaps the best thing in it—at least, the passage is a fair sample of the best side of the book—is the account given of that monstrous and brutal tragedy—

THE MURDER OF DAVID RICCIO.

On the evening of the 9th of March, 1556, while Queen Mary was supping with the King, the Countess of Argyle, and others, Morton, Lord Ruthven, and Lord Lindsay, with five hundred men, marched to Holyrood House and easily made themselves masters of the palace. The leaders then forced their way into the very presence of the Queen, demanding her unfortunate secretary. She ordered them indignantly to leave the chamber, and poor Riccio, springing up, fled behind her for shelter. But now Morton, with eighty men, burst into the apartment, and George Douglas, springing towards Riccio, struck at him with his dagger. Mary heroically interposed her person between them, but the brutal Douglas struck again fiercely over her shoulder till the hot blood spirted out upon her garments, and the knife was left sticking in the wound. Then as the poor victim clung to her robes, crying in his agony, "Save my life, madam! Save my life, for God's dear sake," they dragged him towards the door.

The Queen struggled bravely to defend him but in vain. Andrew Ker of Faudonside, pressed a cocked pistol against her side until she felt the cold iron through her dress.

"Fire!" she said, fearlessly, "if you respect not the royal infant in my womb."

But Darnley knocked the pistol aside.

Then Patrick Bellenden drove his poinard at her bosom, but an English page, Anthony Standen, parried the blow with a torch that he was holding. And then the coward Darnley seized and held her, while the horrid work of murder went on at the threshold of the chamber.

Out of fifty-six dagger wounds poor Riccio poured his blood out on the floor, while his royal mistress, writhing in the arms of her caitiff husband, filled the whole palace with her shrieks of anguish. And above even the groans of the butchered victim rose her cry, "Alas, poor David! My good and faithful servant, may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The murderers in their blind fury stabbed each other, and when the deed was done and the poor secretary lay a mangled corpse, Douglas snatched Darnley's dagger from his side and plunged it into the senseless but still palpitating clay.

"This is the blow of the King," he said, and left the jewelled weapon sticking in the wound.

The body was then dragged away, and the door locked by the retiring assassins. Then the Queen's wrath awoke.

"Traitor and a son of a traitor," she exclaimed, turning her flashing eyes upon her husband. "Is this the recompense thou givest to her who hath covered thee with benefits and raised thee to honors so great!"

Then overpowered by the horror and desolation of her situation, the poor lady fell back and swooned away.

When she recovered it was to see Ruthven and his mates, smeared with blood, burst again into the room. He threw himself, helmed and in armor as he was, in a chair, and seizing a goblet of wine quaffed it to the bottom; rebuked his Queen for her religion, exulted in the foul deed just committed and then staggered from her presence. Not, however, until he heard what seldom came from Mary Stuart's lips, a solemn imprecation.

"I trust," she said, "that God, who beholdeth this from the high heavens, will avenge my wrongs, and move that which shall be born of me, to root out you and your treacherous posterity."

Knaves and Fools; or, Friends or Bohemia. A Satirical Novel of London Life. By Edward M. Whitty. Rudd & Carleton, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

A remarkable book. Its interest as a story is altogether secondary to its interest as a brilliant and biting pasquinade. The author shows up the shams of English society, and strips away the veils from pretences, with a ruthless hand. The mockery and sarcasm are unremitting and pitiless. Spite of all its splendid and piercing wit, it is a sad book—at least, the impression it leaves on the mind is one of profound sadness. A dreadful seriousness frowns under the mocking levity. We laugh, but our hearts are heavy, for the author has told us most bitter truth, and not without bitterness.

In mere point of literary art, the book is noticeably fine. Its diction is clear, crisp, terse, and forcible. An idea of its narrative power may be obtained from a perusal of the sketch, entitled "A Revolt in a Madhouse," which we give in another column.

A Treatise on the Artificial Propagation of Certain Kinds of Fish. By Theodatus Garlick, M. D. Thomas Brown, Cleveland. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

This work is a collection of articles originally printed in that excellent journal, the *Ohio Farmer*, and containing a complete description of such American fishes as are best suited for artificial propagation and culture, together with directions for propagating and rearing them. It is a clearly written and valuable treatise on a subject of great interest. This country is able to rival Europe in the department of Pisciculture, and should do it. In every State of the Union there are numerous brooks and springs which might just as well as not be turned to account for the production of fish, and which would prove so many sources of profit to the producers. We hope this matter may receive the attention it deserves.

The Family Circle Glee Book. By Elias Howe. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A fine collection of old and new songs, glees, choruses, &c., comprising many of the most popular pieces of the present day, together with the favorites of bygone times. The music is arranged for the piano, seraphine, and melodeon. Glee clubs, singing classes, and musical homes will find the work all they can desire.

A Report of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Case of Dred Scott versus John F. A. Sandford. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

From Mr. W. B. Zieber we have the Westminster and the Edinburgh Review for April, both full of fine reading.

Midshipman Easy.—The King's Own.—By Captain Marryatt. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Two volumes of Messrs. Derby & Jackson's handsome edition of Marryatt, of which we spoke last week. "Midshipman Easy" is one of the best of Marryatt's stories. It is too well known to need any recommendation. "The King's Own" is also a popular tale, and of equal merit with the other.

The Poetical Works of Gerald Massey. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

All the poems of this famous young English poet are here bound up in a book of blue and gold, uniform with the editions of Longfellow, Tennyson, and other poets, of which we have before spoken.

Paris Letter.

The Napoleon Family—A Legal Decision—The Food of Paris—An Eccentric Artist—Death of a Poet.

Paris, May 7th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

It is said that Prince Napoleon, who detests Russia, has been uncommonly restive with regard to the part the Emperor wished him to take in doing honors to the imperial guest, the Russian Grand Duke, and that he absolutely declined going to Toulon to escort him hither. All the true Bonapartes—by which I mean the actual offshoots of the Corsican tree—hate the Emperor, and give him a deal of trouble whenever they can. The fable of his name—he being notoriously the son of a Dutchman (Admiral Van Huel) finds no favor in their eyes; and though he has loaded them with favors, they call him "the magpie in the eagle's nest." But as their position depends on his, and their ruin would follow his downfall, they limit their opposition to saying spiteful things, and vexing him with ceaseless petty annoyances.

Cardinal Morlot, the new Archbishop of Paris, was solemnly "enthroned" in the chair of Notre Dame on Saturday. Splendid spectacle, and grand turn-out of priests. How amazed the fishermen of Galilee would be, could they assist at such a spectacle; and how far they would be from suspecting that all the "gold, purple, and fine linen," the music, the incense, the genuflexions, and the pomp, were to celebrate the consecration of "a successor" to their own group of humbly-clad pilgrims!

An interesting case of French jurisprudence has just been decided by the tribunal of Bar-sur-Aube. According to the *Code Napoleon*, a man condemned to certain punishments, among others to that of hard labor for life, is considered as having thereby incurred the penalty of "*civil death*;" he can neither make a will, marry, nor, in fact, perform any legal act; but is considered to be as truly dead as though he had "shuffled off this mortal coil." In May, 1854, this law was abolished, but without making its action retrospective. A young woman of Champagne, whose husband had, in 1850, been condemned to the galleys for life, regarded him as being "dead," and determined to bestow her hand on one of her admirers. The Mayor of the village refused to marry the couple, on the ground that, "civil death" being abolished, she was still the wife of the man at the galleys. The husband-elect brought a suit to test the right of the Mayor to forbid the union, and the Court decided that the young woman was free to marry again.

The annual destruction of rats in the sewers of Paris are just approaching; and those who don't like sausages pretend that the *charcutiers* are getting their choppers ready, and preparing for active work. The competition of the sleek little fellows who are so generally believed to enact the part of pigs after the termination of their mortal career, does not seem to have affected the interests of the raiser of the genuine article. The authorities have just completed their yearly inspection of the pork butchers' establishment, and have ascertained that 83,126 pigs are annually slaughtered in Paris, while 8,000 carcasses are sent from the country. These give a total weight of 18,868,900 pounds, sold at 12 sous per pound, and producing a sum of 8,201,340 francs.

Most of the "stars" are off to London, Sivori among them. This "king of the violin" has won new laurels during the past season, and is universally recognized as being without a rival in his own walk. Of Vivier—who stands in the world of horns just where Sivori stands in that of fiddles—and of his new opera, an odd anecdote is going the rounds. Vivier is idle and capricious, like most artists, passes months without working, and then, seized on by the fury of the Muse, sets himself to composing, and works at it for days without moving. Highly accomplished, excessively original, charming when he chooses to be, he is greatly sought after by the rich; but he is shy and lazy, and not easily got. A fortnight ago, some rich people persuaded him to come and visit them in their chateau, a few miles from town. After dinner, Vivier being in one of his most amiable moods, the lady begged him to write a few words, anything, in her album—a magnificent affair of velvet and gold, containing the autographs of the most famous people of the day, and enriched with water-colors, miniatures, and heaven only knows what. "You will write me some little thing, Monsieur Vivier?" asked the lady, opening the book at a blank page between all sorts of exquisite souvenirs. "With pleasure," said Vivier. "But may I smoke?" The lady hesitated for a moment, but the desire for the autograph was strong in her mind. "Certainly," she replied; "come here." And taking him into a lovely little boudoir, full of elegant objects, she called her husband, made him hand over his best cigars to the artist, and left him, as Vivier said he should write better if alone.

The hosts waited an hour, then another; a strong odor of tobacco floated out through the chinks of the boudoir door; but nothing was seen of Vivier. The evening passed over; it grew late. The artist seemed to have forgotten the flight of time.

The hosts, amazed at the length of time Vivier stayed by himself, sent a servant with refreshments on a tray. The servant came back with the tray; the artist had not even noticed his presence and his offers of service.

The lady determined to visit the boudoir herself. Vivier was working, pen in hand, with a vehemence and fire amazing to behold; and the beautiful album was becoming filled with a musical score, that threatened to obliterate all its precious contents.

"I meant to write you a stanza, just four lines, with an air," said Vivier, still dashing over the white paper, "and here I am in the thick of a terrible fit of composition. I don't know what's coming, but if it goes on at this rate it will be an opera."

"Let me give you some music-paper," said the lady, in anguish at the spoiling of her album.

"Pray don't give yourself any trouble!" cried the artist, puffing and writing with equal vigor, "the little paintings and things are not in my way, I assure you. My notes are quite visible upon colors," he added, turning the page to the light.

Visible they certainly were; much more so than the delicate drawings covered over with pools and spider-tracks!

The lady saw it was useless to insist; "I shall certainly have a most precious manuscript in place of an autograph," she said to herself, as she resigned the beautiful book to its fate.

Vivier worked on all night; accepted the loan of a dressing-gown and slippers, and a fresh supply of cigars, but nothing more. Next day he threw himself for an hour on the sofa and slept; then he went on with his work with the same ardor as before. At night, feverish and weary, but having finished his scribbling, he consented to sleep at the chateau. On the following day, he executed, to the delight of all the guests, the exquisite things he had just composed. The opera, so strangely improvised, was complete, but wanting filling up; which will soon be done. Enchanted with his hosts, Vivier stayed there for a fortnight; enchanting his entertainers in turn by his wit and his inexhaustible drollery. His opera, which is among the finest of his compositions, will be produced here very shortly.

The well-known poet and novelist, Alfred de Musset, is just dead. After Lamartine and Victor Hugo, he was the highest specimen of anything appertaining to the poetic department that France could show.

QUANTUM.

☞ Integrity.—The term integrity can only be applied to those persons who, accustomed to practise every part of social justice, are conscientiously accurate in all their dealings, faithful to every trust, tenacious of every promise, disdaining to dissemble or prevaricate, and who would regard every act of injustice as a meanness to which they would scorn to stoop.

☞ Such as hear disobliging discourse, and repeat it again to the persons concerned, are much mistaken if they think to oblige them by such indiscreet confidences.

☞ To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

> Though conversation, in its better part,
> May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
> Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
> On culture and the sowing of the soil.
>
> —*Cowper.*

☞ The difference between those whom the world esteems as good and those whom it condemns as bad, is in many cases that the former have been better sheltered from temptation.

☞ A handsome man or handsome woman is not improved by a shabby or slatternly attire; so the best abilities are shown to a disadvantage through a style marked by illiteracies.—*Parry Guyane.*

☞ The Otaheitans, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, eat separately from each other. At the hour of repast the members of each family divide.

☞ He who knows when to stop never stumbles or falls.

☞ "What is the meaning of this venison steak on the butcher's book, Bridget? I haven't seen it on the table." "Why, you see, ma'am, it wasn't for the upper table at all; but your head man can't abare mutton, so I had to get a bit o' venison for him."

☞ A Western editor announces the arrival of a twelfth responsibility at his house, and makes the following appeal thereafter: "More subscribers wanted at this office."

☞ "Mr. S——, is your customer B—— a man to be trusted?" "I know of no one more so. He is to be trusted forever—he never pays."

☞ A couple of pedestrian "gents from town," passing through a toll-bar, attempted a joke at the expense of a young woman who stood at the door, by asking what the charge was for passing through the bar. "If you are gentlemen, nothing; but if you are donkeys, a penny each," replied the damsel, much to their discomfiture.

☞ First boy—"Say, Bill, then you're getting a dollar a week now?" Second boy—"Well, you might a knew that, by seein' all the fellers come soapin' around me that wouldn't a noticed me when I was poor."

☞ It was a saying of Dean Swift's, that if you wanted to find the representatives of the oldest families of Ireland, you must look for them on the quays of Dublin; and the same remark holds good everywhere. Take all the pains you may to hedge in nobility, the fence must one day be broken down, and the illustrious seed be scattered.

☞ Cleanthes said that "truth was hid in a pit." "Yes," answers the poet, "but you Greek philosophers were the first that put her there, and then claimed so much merit to yourselves for drawing her out."—*Timbs's "Curiosities of History."*

☞ Man regards as an eternity—first, the present hour; then his youth; then his life; then his century; then the duration of the earth; then that of heaven; and, finally, time.

☞ Somebody, speaking of the new cents, says: "They are a beautiful coin, all but the eagle, and he seems to be going somewhere in a desperate hurry, probably because he is on a new s-cent."

☞ He cannot bestow to society who lives upon society; he only gives who provides for his own.

☞ If it is a happiness to be nobly descended, it is no less to have so much merit that nobody inquires whether you are so or not.—*La Bruyere.*

☞ It is generally admitted that the Irish are most famous for making bulls, but the Dutch can go ahead for making pigs. For instance:

> I've got a pig cat, I've got a pig tog,
> I've got a pig calf, and I've got a pig hog,
> I've got a pig baby, so pig and so tall,
> And I've got a pig wife dats pigger as all.

☞ The laws of nature are just but terrible. There is no weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable. The elements have no forbearance. The fire burns, the water drowns, the air consumes, the earth buries. And perhaps it would be well for our race if the punishment of crimes against the Laws of Man were as inevitable as the punishment of crimes against the Laws of Nature—were man as unerring in his judgments as Nature.

☞ You may entrust the government of the empire to the man who fears to undertake to govern the empire.

ATTEMPT OF NAPOLEON TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

The *Rev.* J. S. C. Abbott, in his *Romance* of Napoleon, denies that his hero ever attempted to commit suicide. He says:—

It has been asserted that Napoleon, on this occasion, attempted to commit suicide. There is no sufficient ground for this accusation. In that hour of grief, desertion, and awful agony, that Napoleon longed to die, there can be no doubt. No man, under these circumstances, could have wished to live. Breathings for a release from life, which pain extorted from him, have been tortured into evidence that Napoleon had attempted the crime of self-murder. But the nature of his disease, the remedy applied—simply hot tea—the rapid recovery, and his previous and subsequent conduct, have led all impartial men to discharge the dishonoring accusation as groundless. The lofty nature of Napoleon ever condemned self-destruction as an ignoble and cowardly act.—*Abbott's Napoleon, vol. 2, pp.* 407 *and* 408.

The evidence of the truth of the story is furnished by the statements of two persons, whose veracity Mr. Abbott will not question; they are Caulincourt, (Duke of Vicinza) and Napoleon himself. Before giving these statements it may be well to explain, briefly, the circumstances in which Napoleon was then placed. Caulincourt had a day or two previous carried to Paris the Emperor's abdication, which was communicated to the allied sovereigns, and served as the basis of the negotiations of the treaty. On the evening of the 14th of April, 1814, he returned to Fontainebleau with the treaty, to present it to the Emperor for his acceptance. After the Duke had presented the Emperor's abdication, and while he was negotiating the treaty, he received several messages from Napoleon recalling his abdication, and refusing to sign any treaty. So when they met, on the Duke's return with the treaty, Napoleon, with a glance at him like lightning, asked, "Do you at length bring me back my abdication?" The Duke replied that it was no longer in his power to bring back that act; it had been communicated to the Allied sovereigns and was inserted in the journals. To all he said the Emperor replied, "I will not sign—I want no treaty." A part of the next day was spent in these painful debates. The Duke, utterly exhausted, retired to his quarters for rest. In the evening he returned to the Emperor and found him profoundly dejected. To all the Duke said he replied only in monosyllables. At last, the Duke begged him on his knees, to come to some determination, whatever it might be. The Emperor looking at him mournfully, asked, "What would you have me to do?" What followed is thus related by Caulincourt:

I kept silence. He arose and walked about slowly for a long time, his hands crossed behind his back; at length, as if waking from a painful dream, he said to me, in a calm voice—"It must come to an end; I feel it; my resolution is taken." These last words were pronounced with an inflection of voice which chilled my heart. "To-morrow, Caulincourt." My presentiments seldom deceive me; they are the revelations of the soul, they are the reflections of what is to come. That evening when I took leave of the Emperor, I felt an indescribable feeling of anxiety. I could not prevail on myself to leave him. As we separated, he took me by the hand; his hand was burning; mine was like ice; and when the door of the cabinet shut upon me, with an inexplicable sensation, I seized the key. I wished for a pretence again to enter. At length I moved away. My heart felt heavy, my ideas were confused, and I sought sleep in vain. A few hours later this internal anguish was explained.

I had not been long in bed when Pelard or Constant, I forget which, knocked loudly at my door, telling me to come with all speed to the Emperor, who wished to see me. A fearful presentiment shot through my heart, and before five minutes elapsed I was by the bed on which the Emperor, a prey to frightful convulsions, seemed on the point of expiring. It was a horrible sight. His face was of a livid paleness, his lips were contracted, his hair matted to his forehead by a cold perspiration, his eyes dull and fixed. Oh! the rigidity of that look made me shudder! Racked by a horrible suspicion, I wished, but I dared not, I could not question him. "Duke," said Ivan, (the physician) in a low voice, "he is lost if he do not drink; he refuses everything; but he must drink—he must vomit. In the name of Heaven, persuade him to drink." I snatched the cup from the hands of Ivan. It contained tea, I believe, I presented it to the Emperor, who pushed it from him. "I die, Caulincourt—to you I commend my wife and son; defend my memory—I can no longer support life." I was choking; I could not speak. I presented again and again the cup; he again and again pushed it aside. This struggle drove me mad. "Leave me alone! leave me alone!" said he, in a dying voice. "Sire," said I, excited by my grief, "in the name of your glory, in the name of France, renounce a death unworthy of you." A deep sigh escaped his heaving breast. "Sire, cannot Caulincourt obtain this favor of you?"

I was bending over the bed, my tears fell upon his face; he fixed his eyes upon me with an indefinable expression. I held the cup to him; at length he drank. A vomiting, accompanied with violent spasms, threw all of us into a mortal fear. Exhausted, he fell back almost lifeless on his pillow.

Ivan, with a distracted air, said: "He must, he must drink again; he is lost—he is lost if he do not drink." I again commenced my entreaties, and he resisted them. At length, by dint of supplications and prayers, he drank at intervals, and repeated vomitings brought some relief. The cramp in the stomach became less violent, his limbs became more supple, the contraction of his features ceased by degrees. He was saved!

During the two hours that this alarming crisis lasted, not a single complaint escaped his lips. He smothered the cries which his agony drew from him, by grinding a handkerchief between his teeth. What fortitude that man possessed!

• • • • • •

A short calm succeeded. He slept for half an hour. During that interval, Constant told me that whilst he was in bed in the entresol beneath, he heard a noise in the chamber of the Emperor. He ran to him and found him in violent convulsions, his face turned upon the pillow to stifle his cries. He refused all the assistance poor Constant strove to give him. Ivan was called. When the Emperor saw him, he said, "Ivan, the dose was not strong enough." Then it was they acquired the sad certainty that he had taken poison. "Let the Duke de Vicenza," added he, in a voice scarcely intelligible, "be called." The fearful crisis seized him, and at that moment I arrived. Alarmed for the result of the action of the poison upon the health of the Emperor, I turned to consult Ivan, whom I thought to be still in the chamber. He had disappeared. I sent in search of him; he was nowhere to be found. This disappearance was inexplicable. I learned at length that Ivan, alarmed at the responsibility which the words of the Emperor—"the dose was not strong enough"—might bring upon him, had taken the first horse he found in the court-yard of the castle, and set off for Paris. We saw no more of him. • • • •

The Emperor awoke. I drew towards his bed; the attendants retired—we were alone. His eyes, sunken and dull, seemed seeking to recognize the persons by whom he was surrounded; a world of tortures was revealed in their expression. "Heaven has forbidden it," said he, as if applying to some inmost thought; "I could not die."—*Recollections of Caulincourt, Duke of Vicenza. London:* 1838, *p.* 90, *et seq. vol.* 2.

At St. Helena, Napoleon dictated to Count Montholon the following account of the cause of this illness:

From the time of my retreat from Russia, I had constantly carried suspended round my neck and contained in a little silken bag, a portion of a poisonous powder, which Evan (Ivan) had prepared by my orders, when I was in fear of being carried off prisoner by Cossacks.

My life no longer belonged to my country; the events of the last few days had again rendered me master of it. "Why should I endure so much suffering?" I reflected; "and who knows that my death may not replace the crown on the head of my son?" France was saved. I hesitated no longer, but leaping from my bed, mixed the poison in a little water, and drank it with a sort of feeling of happiness. But time had taken away its strength; fearful pains drew forth some groans from me; they were heard, and medical assistance arrived. It was not God's will that I should die so soon. St. Helena was my destiny.—*History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, by General Count Montholon, London,* 1847—*Vol.* 3, *p.* 135.

ANECDOTES

TOLD IN DEAN RAMSAY'S RECENT WORK.

The following is a story of a Scotch laird and a Scotch Judge. As they both belong to the olden time, they are both drunk, of course:

"Balnamoon had been dining out in the neighborhood, where, by mistake, they had put down to him after dinner cherry brandy instead of port wine, his usual beverage. The rich flavor and strength so pleased him, that, having tasted it he would have nothing else. On rising from table, therefore, the laird would be more affected by his drink than if he had taken his ordinary allowance of port. His servant Harry, or Hairy, was to drive him home in a gig or whisky, as it was called, the usual open carriage of the time. On crossing the moor, however, whether from greater exposure to the blast, or from the laird's unsteadiness of head, his hat and wig came off and fell upon the ground. Harry got out to pick them up and restore them to his master. The laird was satisfied with the hat, but demurred at the wig.—'It's no my wig, Hairy lad; it's no my wig,' and refused to have anything to do with it.—Hairy lost his patience, and, anxious to get home, remonstrated with his master, 'Ye'd better tak it, sir, for there's no waile [choice] of wigs o' Munrimmon Moor.'

"A Scottish judge, somewhat in the predicament of the Laird of Balnamoon, had dined at Coalstoun with the late Lady Dalhouse, Mr. Brown, who sat, I believe, as a Judge with the title of Lord Coalstoun. The party had been convivial, as we know parties of the highest legal characters often were in those days.—When breaking up, and going to the drawing-room, one of them, not seeing his way very clearly, stepped out of the dining-room window, being open to the summer air. The ground at Coalstoun sloping off from the house behind, the worthy Judge got a great fall, and rolled down the bank. He contrived, however, as tipsy men generally do, to regain his legs, and was able to reach the drawing-room. The first remark he made was an innocent remonstrance with his friend the host, 'Od, Charlie Brown, what gars ye hae sik lang steps at your front door?'

"A lad had come to a clergyman for examination previous to his receiving his first communion. The pastor, knowing that his young friend was not very profound in his theology, and not wishing to discourage him or keep him from the table unless compelled to do so, began by asking what he thought a safe question, and what would give him confidence. So he took the Old Testament, and asked him, in reference to the Mosaic law, how many commandments there were? After a little thought he put his answer in the modest form of a supposition, and replied, cautiously, 'Aiblins (perhaps) a hunner (hundred).' The clergyman was vexed, and told him such ignorance was intolerable, that he could not proceed in examination, and that the youth must wait and learn more. So he went away. On returning home he met a friend on his way to the manse, and on learning that he, too was going to the minister for examination, shrewdly asked him, 'Weel, what will ye say noo if the minister asks 'you how mony commandments there are?' 'Say! why, I shall say ten, to be sure.' To which the other rejoined, with great triumph, 'Ten! try ye him wi' ten! I tried him wi' a hunner and he wasna satisfeed.'"

How to Receive Company.—The lamps were lit and the rooms were in perfect order—flowers all in their places, and musicians at their post. The ball would presently begin.

But the husband (B——, the French journalist) found his young and timid wife standing lost in thought, and evidently very much troubled in mind. With a little questioning he got at the secret. How was it possible that she should say the few words of appropriate civility to every one of five hundred guests?

B—— reflected for a moment.

"Here, my darling!" he said, as the wheels began to rattle, and the first guests entered the hall, "two phrases will answer all your purpose. To those who *arrive*, you will say, 'What! come so late?' and to those who *take their leave*, you will say, 'What! going so early?' And with a smile and a cordial tone of voice you will find this all that is necessary!"

Madame B——'s countenance immediately lighted up, and as the five hundred poured in, she addressed each individual guest with this flattering speech of reception. The ball commenced with unusual gayety. Every one seemed to be in a state of blissful complacency. They danced till a very late hour, and then commenced the leave-takings—all managed with the two or three little pass-words of flattering preference and tender mock-reproach.

Never was party more successful. "What a charming hostess!" "What a lovely woman!" were the exclamations from all lips as they went away.

For each guest was made to believe that his or her coming and going were of importance to the happiness of the hostess. To be content, we must feel that we are needed!

☞ Fat People.—Mirabeau said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that God created him only to show to what point the human skin could stretch without breaking.

☞ When Boswell once in conversation persecuted Johnson on the subject, whether we might not fortify our mind for the approach of death, he answered, in a passion, "No, sir! let it alone! It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives! The art of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time." But when Boswell persisted in the conversation, Johnson was thrown into such a state of tremor, that he thundered out "Give us no more of this!" and, further, sternly told the trembling and too curious philosopher, "Don't let us meet to-morrow!"

☞ Whoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth.

EVENING GUESTS.

[*From an old number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, where it appeared anonymously.*]

If in the silence of this lonely eve
With the street-lamp pale-flickering on the wall,
A spirit were to say to me, "Believe,
Thou shalt be answered. Call"—Whom should I call?

And then I were to see *thee* gliding in
With thy pale robes (that in long empty fold
Lie in my keeping)—and my fingers, thin
As thine were once—to feel in thy safe hold;

I should fall weeping on thy neck, and say
"I have so suffered since—since."—but the tears
Would cease, remembering how they count thy day,
A day that is with God a thousand years.

Then, what are these sad weeks, months, years of mine
To thine all measureless infinitude?
What my whole life, when myriad lives divine
May rise, each leading to a higher good?

I lose myself—I faint. Beloved—best!
Sit in thy olden, dear humanity
A little while, my head upon thy breast,
And then I will go back to heaven with thee.

Should I call thee;—Ah, no, I would not call!
But if by some invisible angel led,
Thy foot were at the door, thy face, voice—all,
Entering—Oh, joy! Oh, life unto the dead!

Then I, pale-smiling with a deep content,
Would give to thee the welcome long unknown;
And instead of those kind accents daily sent
To cheer me, I should hear thine own—thine own!

Thou, too, like the beloved guest late gone,
Wouldst sit and clasp my feeble hand in thine;
'Twould grieve thee to know why it grew so wan,
Therefore I would smile on and give no sign.

And then, soft-speaking in the olden voice,
Perchance with a compassionate tremble stirred,
Wouldst change this anguished doubt to full rejoice,
And heal my soul with each balm-dropping word.

So—talking of things meet for such as we—
Affection, strong as life, solemn as death,
Serene as that divine eternity.
Where I shall meet thee, who wert my soul's breath—

Upon this crowded eve of many eves
Thou know'st—a third of life and all its loss
Would climax like a breaking wave. Who grieves
Though it should break, and cease forevermore?

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ART-PROGRESS.

Artist (!) "Now, mum! Take orf yer head for sixpence, or yer 'ole body for a shillin'!"

A DREAM FROM HEAVEN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF ADAM GRAINGER.

CHAPTER I.

April.—Another day gone, and no relief! How is this to end? My brain becomes bewildered with excess of thought, and a strange whirling of it sometimes comes on which turns my thoughts involuntarily towards madness. *A whirling of the brain!* Gabblers, who feel not what they say; poets, in their whispered measures; lovers, in their doubts and fears, prate of this; it is a common expression; the brain whirls, they say. But how little do they experience that of which they speak! the few who have indeed gone through this agony of the brain, tell it not. When the paroxysm has left me, my frame trembles, my hands burn, and my heart is sick.

Insanity is deemed a thing to shudder at, and I have shuddered with the rest. I remember a party of us were once dining together; little more than boys we were; joyous fellows, rioting in the full sense of youth and life: and the conversation turned upon misfortune—an odd theme for *us*. Each gave his opinion as to what was the most distressing fate that could overtake man. I said madness. *But there are moments, now, when I envy those who are shut up in that secured building, the dome of which towers aloft in this great city.* Bedlam! Bedlam! were I an inmate of your walls——. After a weary day of toil, how sweet is the homely bed on which the laborer sinks down to rest! and so a vision comes over me of sinking into insanity. I dare not say a longing vision; but as the one gives rest to the body, so the other would bring rest to the spirit—my troubled spirit!

Friday.—I have been reading again the public advertisements. A gentleman is wanted to superintend an office. Qualifications requisite:—liberal education, gentlemanly appearance and manners, age about thirty-five, a good general knowledge of business, and security. Should I be able to obtain the latter? Why speculate on it? My application to the advertisers will but share the old fate, and elicit no reply.

I have deserved my lot; people tell me so, and they speak but the truth. What did I want with speculation? Was not my honorable appointment sufficient for me? I am not the first who has thrown away the substance to grasp the shadow. I richly merited the ruin that overtook me, but unfortunately into the same ruin I dragged my wife and children.

When I look back on the last few years I ask myself how we have lived, and I cannot answer. Things have only gone on from bad to worse. Our once happy home—not a vestige of it remains. Struggles, debts, duns, avoidance of creditors, these have been ours. One day spent in scheming how to obtain a dinner for the following, and in harassing uncertainties as to where we should the approaching week lay our heads. A few pounds from one source, a few from another, half a dozen shillings, begged or borrowed, serving for the supplies of one day, none the next, comforts not even glanced at, luxuries remembered as things that exist not for us, bare necessaries scantily supplied, and not always! And thus have we gone on for weeks, and months, and years.

Saturday.—Another week ended. Surely the approaching one must bring something to pass. And yet—how many have gone before it, and have brought nothing! How harshly do those who have not known adversity judge of the world! they imagine that dishonor, if not crime, must necessarily attend fallen fortunes. So-and-so is "sold up," cries one; "turned out of house and home. And he's over head-and-ears in debt besides. I look upon a fellow, sir, who runs headlong into debt, as little better than a swindler and a robber." Harsh epithets for one man to bestow upon another!

I dread to-night. For *I* am in debt; petty debt to petty tradespeople around the neighborhood; and they will come at this, the end of the week, knocking at the door. But not voluntary debt; no, no; never think it. I was bred with the nicest sense of honor; taught to avoid debt as a crime; I would endure the sharp pangs of famine, even unto death—I *have* tasted of them—rather than sustain life by obtaining food for which I could not pay; but I dare not let those starve who depend upon me for support. How eagerly I have struggled, and do struggle, to obtain employment, none can know; no matter what; any anything that would but bring in the money for a bit of bread; and succeed I cannot.

Sunday Morning.—Thank God for Sunday! When I awake in the morning, and the thought that it is the Sabbath comes rushing over me, it speaks blessings to my soul. *A day of rest and peace.* How many, without this intervening cessation of their fiery antagonism with the world, would lay down their heads hopelessly and die! To-day every thing is lovely; everything in the outward, visible world. The trees are clothed in the fresh green of early spring, the hedges are budding forth, and the sweet flowers are opening to the warm rays of the genial sun. Quiet reigns everywhere; sounds of everyday life are not, and the very air is at rest; a rest that soothes the mind and almost speaks of hope.

Now the bells have begun for morning service. They are ringing to-day. I wonder why. A more pleasing sound than the ding-dong of ordinary Sundays. Why can't they always ring? I remember now—one of the highest of our High Church dignitaries comes down to preach to-day; that must be why they ring.

How long it is since I have been to church Let none condemn me, until they have been placed in my circumstances, and as sorely tried as I have been. There was no missing church before adversity came. I cannot afford a pew, and our clothes are not what they used to be. Margaret goes sometimes; she cannot forget that she is the daughter of a high-churchman. If Dr. C—— could rise from his grave and witness the straits to which my imprudence has reduced her! A vision, an imaginary vista of the future, now and then steals over me on these calm, holy days—of these dark years being replaced by bright ones; of the children growing up around us, anxiously trained in all the observances of religion; when we shall sit, drawn together in peace and happiness, under our own vine and our own fig-tree, all the happier, the holier, for past adversity. But these hopeful dreams are broken off, as now, by the rushing thought that it is only a dream and never to be realized.

Never, never; the darkness has endured too long. I have humbly prostrated myself in agony, imploring of the Most High, in my bitter grief and repentance, that for my wife and children's sake He would turn our captivity; and He has answered not. The darkness has become more dark, the light of the future more dim and indistinct. Now the clocks are striking eleven; the bells are ceasing; in another moment not a sound will break the stillness.

Oh, thank God for Sunday! I could repeat it with my pen, as I have done with my heart, a thousand times. No one can truly estimate the blessings of the day, until he shall have gone through the persecution which has of late been mine. How infinite the wisdom, how unsparing the bounty, that appointed one day in seven as a day of *rest!* One half the world go down to their graves, and have never appreciated the boon in all its fullness. Let me lay aside my pen and think, and enjoy it while I may; to-morrow will come.

May—Tuesday.—Surely there is a spell upon all I undertake; I had almost written curse, but let me not think that yet. If the morning opens with fair auspices, the night brings disappointment. Margaret is almost wearied out, and her naturally calm temper at moments gives way. Not for herself; but for the children I can see that her spirit is nearly broken. Still she bears up wonderfully.

We were standing, last evening, at the window, without light, when little Carry ran in—

"Mamma, we want to dance. Will you come and tune to us?"

"Not to-night, darling. My head aches. You must dance to your own tunes to-night."

"Oh, dear! And Jemima's cross, and won't answer when we ask her. Mamma, do you know what Isabel says?—she says she wishes we had our piano again, and the nice music-stool that turned round, and she says I was too little to remember them. Why have we not got them now?"

"Because—they were left in the old house, Carry."

"What a shame! When shall we go back to that house, mamma?"

"Some time," returned Margaret, "or to one as good." And Carry danced away again.

"You spoke earnestly to the child, Margaret," I said. "Spoke as if you had faith."

"I have faith; trusting, earnest faith that this terrible time will come to an end. I wish I could see you, Adam, with more of it."

"I had faith, till I was wearied out."

"I know we have waited long, and there are times when I give way to despondency; but the mood soon changes again. A bright evening after a rainy day, a bit of blue sky peeping out of the leaden clouds, a green leaf budding on a wintry tree, the first promising glimmer of the new moon—all these speak hope to my inward spirit."

Time was when I thought as my wife does. I was ever more sanguine than she. When despair was ready to overtake me, I have said, Courage and patience! courage and patience! and so buoyed myself up. But day succeeded day, week followed week, month replaced month, and year gives turn to year; and there is no change.

Friday.—I can no longer rest at night, for the harassing annoyances and disappointments that make up my day, are repeated with vivid intensity in my dreams. Towards morning, especially, my mind is busy with the previous day's persecutions, the doubting dread of the one forthcoming. All is enacted and re-enacted with terrible distinctness, and I awake, weary and unrefreshed, from imaginary evils, to live over again the reality.

Wednesday.—Gibbons' house wants a clerk. I am going to apply for it. Salary £100 a year. Margaret looked grave when I mentioned the amount, and heaved a deep sigh. "But it is better than nothing, Adam," she said. Better than nothing! Yes, it will keep body and soul together until we can turn ourselves round. "To-morrow morning," I said aloud, "I will go there." "Mind you go in time," answered my wife.

Thursday Night.—I did go. I was unsuccessful. It is ever so. The second partner, Snail, a man who was once proud to shake my hand, coldly said they should prefer engaging one who had been brought up to warehouse business. I passed by the Thames on my way home to-night, and thought how calmly one might lie there underneath the waters, *if one could but lie there undisturbed forever.*

Monday Morning.—The commencement of another week of pain. This time yesterday I had at least some hours of peace before me. I was reading last night the book of Job. It deceived my mind into hope. Who was afflicted as he was? and yet "the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning."

But have *I* Job's spirit of resignation? Why deceive myself? No. Before these dark misfortunes fell upon me, had I lost my children at one fell swoop, as he did, rather than have bowed my head in submission, I should have cried out as did David for Absalom—Would God I had died for thee, my child, my child! Yet I feel now that I could bless the hand which removed them all; removed them from the storms of this world to shelter them in the bosom of a Father, willing and more able to protect them than I am. Alone, I should not care for my misfortunes. I would go out from all who knew me; roam the country in search of work; break stones upon the road—anything for a crust; and wait for better times.

Tuesday.—I must carry out the project I have so long had running in my head, and apply to Lewis. We played together in boyhood, we were inseparable in youth, in manhood friends. He has it amply in his power to assist me, and I cannot think that he would want the will. A hundred pounds, to him, would be nothing; to me, salvation. With such a sum in hand, I believe I could extricate myself. Part of it would pay what we owe in this neighborhood, and the rest I could use to good account. As it is, my whole time is taken up in endeavoring to obtain that which will enable us to go on and live for another day. We must exist; but we could eat hard fare, and endure many privations, if we had but peace from without. Let us be enabled to surmount this wearing struggle, endure on in retirement a little longer, and perhaps in time——Oh, this hope! how it comes stealing in!

"Our misfortunes have taught me one thing," observed Margaret, as we sat together last night, after the children were in bed.

"I should have thought they would have taught you many, Margaret. What is it?"

"That those we are apt to term 'the poor' are not the class who most need relief."

"Oh, that!"

"I was getting to think much about the poor," she resumed, "just as these dreadful troubles came on, and when any case of distress came under my notice, I was so pleased to relieve it. But, Adam, it never occurred to me to relieve the distress of those struggling in secret to live, and to keep up respectability, gentlepeople reduced by misfortunes, like ourselves. I never looked out for such cases; perhaps never thought there was such. Do you remember that poor Mrs. Smith, where Algie first went to school?"

"No."

"Oh, you must; they lived nearly opposite. Her husband was a teacher of languages, and I believe got nothing to do."

"I remember now. A tall, thin fellow. She died."

"Well, listen. Sophy would often say, when she brought Algernon in from the school—"

"Stop a bit, Margaret. Who's Sophy?"

"Adam, how you forget! She was the under-nurse; under Jemima. Sophy would often say Mrs. Smith was ill. But I never supposed she was seriously ill; I did not trouble myself to suppose about it, though I sometimes, more from habit than anything else, would ask after her; her head might ache from the noise of the children, her spirits might be dull, I thought no more. But one morning, upon Sophy's taking Algernon as usual, she brought him back, and said Mrs. Smith was dead."

"Ay, I remember hearing about it."

"Adam! I never can describe the shock it was to me. I believe it threw me back weeks. Dead! A young and tolerably healthy woman! What had she died of? I asked. Rapid consumption, accelerated, there was no doubt, by the want of comforts. How I reproached myself! I was then at death's door, and had been for some time, but every luxury surrounded me: delicacies that I could not eat, wine that I could not drink, skilful medical attendants, careful nurses, attentive servants. A tithe of this might have saved her life, and I had sent her nothing! Yet I knew, if I had given it a thought, that he was out of employ, and it would not have taken me much calculation to add up the gains of that weekly school—a dozen pupils at a shilling a week! Perhaps, poor lady, she longed, in her wasting health, to send and crave from our house the nourishment that would have comforted her, for she knew it was there in abundance; and she could sit at her own cheerless windows, and watch ours, gay with lights and fire. I shed many tears over my carelessness, but they could not bring her back to life."

"Which must have been highly foolish of you, Margaret."

"The bare facts of the case stood out so broad and hideous. The woman was lying dead, close at my door, had died in privation. She who had spent her sick and weary days instructing my child and his companions, had passed in cold neglect from life unto death. It will always be a reproach to me."

"Any more reproaches, Margaret?"

"Oh, plenty, if you like to hear them. You have not forgotten poor Mrs. Hall, who—"

Margaret's tale was suddenly cut short. Late as the hour was, a man came dunning me for money, and stopped to abuse me because I could not pay him.

Thursday Morning.—My dear little Algernon has just come to me—"Papa, look at my shoes! All the toes out. I can't go to school like this, for the boys made game of me yesterday, and asked why I wore such things."

"They must be mended, Algie."

"But they won't mend any more. The sides are worn away and the heels are off. Mamma says they will not. And I am ashamed of my clothes, all the fellows look at them so."

I cannot buy him any shoes to-day. Perhaps by night I may have some luck. I have told him to remain at home. Shabby, and shoeless, and made game of! My poor boy, who was destined for Eton!

There's a man advertised for in this morning's paper, to copy deeds at his own house, at so much per folio. I shall hasten to town and go after it.

Thursday Night.—Still no money. A shilling or two for the pressing wants of the hour, and that is all. Algernon must still remain at home. A knock at the door. Eugh! how I shiver to hear those knocks! Oh—the schoolmaster has sent his compliments, and to know why Master Grainger was not at school. An excuse to be made there.

I went after the copying and had my usual luck. They had made arrangements, and did not require me.

Margaret says she has had a wretched day. One or two pressing creditors have called, and been loud and angry; Algernon, boy-like, has been worrying and troublesome! and Jemima, the old servant, who has clung to us in our misfortunes, partly from affection, partly because we have not had it in our power to discharge her, has been in one of her evil tempers, finding fault with everything, and reproaching Margaret with the non-payment of her wages. Poor Jemima! she does work; washing and everything falls to her; and in her better moods she asks if I think she will leave her poor mistress to do it all; but when her temper breaks out, there is no bearing the house. No peace in-doors, no peace out. What a life is ours!

June, Monday.—Yesterday we had a good dinner, good and plentiful. How sincerely I thanked God in my heart when we sat down to it, He alone can tell. The paraded formal grace usually offered up, how much of lively thankfulness does that contain? Ah, we must undergo the pangs of hunger, continued, repeated, daily-recurring hunger, ere we can understand the gratitude due to Heaven for its bounteous supply of food. A considerable portion of the world (as I once said with regard to the Sabbath) go through their whole lives and never form an idea of it.—There is another thing many never give a thought to—the great amount of time we waste. People are apt to consider it "good time" if they get down to breakfast by nine. Suppose, instead, they rose at seven; no very untoward hour; they would add more than seven hundred hours to their lives yearly. How much would it add to a life of threescore years and ten? Come, ye calculators. Shall we be called upon to account for this loss of time, when the day of remedy is gone by? I was once supine as the rest: latterly, I have been up earlier than most people. I assume no credit for it. I toss and turn on my uneasy bed, and am glad to leave it.

Thursday.—Algernon's master planned an excursion for his scholars, to spend to-day in the country; a treat, before they break up for the midsummer holidays. Each boy to contribute a shilling, the master finding the rest. They have just filed by the window, all but Algernon, with eager steps and faces of pleasure. The boys asked him yesterday if his friends could not *afford* the shilling. We could not afford it: small as the sum was, I had it not yesterday nor to-day to give. And his clothes! how could he join those well-dressed boys? He peeped at them from behind the curtain, and when they had passed, sat down and burst into tears. I glanced at Margaret: her eyes were swimming; and I, a strong man, could have wept too. What insignificant trifles these would appear to the world! but they fell upon the already sorely-stricken heart.

My patient children! sharing no amusement that other children enjoy—living upon hard fare—exposed to witness the pains and degradations of poverty, the shifts of reduced gentility! But not a murmur at their privations crosses their young lips.

I sometimes catch myself envying the street beggars, for they at least have not appearance to keep up. How is it that some people seem to bask away their lives in flowers and sunshine? From the cradle to the grave, their path never seems to be overshadowed by adversity. Yet, it may be that they have also some secret sorrow: a great ugly skeleton in the closet, all the more consuming from the very concealment it has to observe to the world.

Friday.—I have been telling Margaret my project of applying to Lewis. She is over-sanguine—thinks he cannot refuse—wonders I never thought of it before. I will not delay.

Monday.—I begin the week in hope. How shall I end it? To-day I go to Lewis. Knock, knock, knock! I must put them off again, I trust for a day or two only.

Friday Night.—Thank Heaven for the hope this day has brought forth. I could not see Lewis till this morning: he was out of town. He received me cordially. I explained all my circumstances to him, and asked for the loan of £100. He said cheerfully that he would consider of it, and see what he could do. Saturday, the next day, he should be very busy, but I might go in and see him on Monday morning. I feel sure of the money now: if it were not his intention to lend it, he would have declined at once. Thank God! thank God!

Saturday Night.—What an evening this has been! I have told them to come on Monday night or Tuesday morning, and they shall be paid.

Monday Night, 12 o'clock, P. M.—The clocks are tolling the knell of the departed day: would they were tolling it for me! I cannot much longer support this wretched existence—despair and disappointment, disappointment and despair! I was at Lewis' by nine o'clock, and waited some minutes before he came in, minutes to me of unutterable agitation. A refusal I dared not contemplate: *yet, a refusal came.* He had consulted his partner, he said, who was not willing to advance the loan: had I been able to propose a responsible security for its repayment, they might have entertained it. And I had told this man all my situation! this man, who, independent of his large yearly gains, is worth thousands! To have given me hopes on Friday! To make my request to him a matter of business! Friendship such as ours has been!

And I have walked about this day foodless, and have come home penniless and deadbeat both in body and mind. To-morrow must come. I promised to pay them, and they will all be here thick and threefold.

I can no longer bear up against my fate. My children, my wife, look to me for succor, and I cannot give it. There is one thought always pressing itself upon my brain—that, if I were no more, friends would rally round my wife and children. I have asked myself how this thought dare to come to me, and I have hitherto thrust it away; but I will do so no longer. It is the only course open to me.——Margaret is calling to know what I am sitting up for.

Tuesday Evening.—The last of my existence.—Father! Thou withholdest Thy mercy from me in this world, but surely Thou wilt not in the next. Pardon, pardon if I come home to Thee before my time! I can no longer support this life, my persecutions are greater than I can bear. Surely sufferings such as mine never fell on man. My prayers have ascended in vain. I have implored for succor, and Thou answerest not. Not for wealth and luxury: a morsel of bread, a drink of water, a roof to cover us, *and peace.*—And this not in idleness; I would work for it from the rising of the sun till its going down. Others can find means of subsistence, but I cannot. It is a curse that is upon me.

That Thou hast abandoned me is too sure, or in this, the last depths of my despair, there would steal to me a glimmering of hope. I have prayed for strength, for comfort, and it comes not to me. Oh! Thou who readest all hearts, Thou readest mine, and Thou seest how I am driven to Thee. Forgive me this last act! Christ, supplicate for me! I come, I come. Father, Father! reject me not forever.

CHAPTER II.

Adam Grainger was alone in his sitting-room. An ugly weapon of polished steel was at his elbow, which he had fetched from his bed-chamber. He was writing the last words, when a knock at the house door was heard, and then his wife entered the room, a couple of bottles in her hand. He had deemed himself secure from interruption, and he started like a detected criminal, as he threw his pocket-handkerchief over the razor.

"Adam," cried his wife, "here's a curious thing! The Claytons have sent us a present of some brandy."

"Claytons!" echoed Mr. Grainger, "who are the Claytons?"

"The people who live up above, at Lime Villa. I was talking to Mrs. Clayton over the garden-gate the other day about her plants."

"Very strange! What should people send brandy to us for?"

"It does seem strange, but there can be no mistake. The man-servant brought it, with his master's compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Grainger, and begged they would use these two bottles of French brandy. We heard he was a wine merchant. We will open one to-night."

"I tell you there must be a mistake, Margaret. Strangers are not likely to send brandy to me."

"Oh, Adam, they are kind-looking people; who knows but they may have an idea that we are in want? I know it is all right."

"People are not so romantic."

Mrs. Grainger left the room, taking one of the bottles with her. He hoped she was gone for some time, and turned to his journal to write a word of farewell to her.

The clocks have just chimed nine: in ten minutes, Margaret, your husband will have ceased to exist. My love, my wife, forgive me! and you *will*, for you alone know how wretched has been my existence. Algernon! Isabel! Caroline! Walter! obey your mother in all things; and, when you grow up, cherish and support her better than I have been able to do. I would steal up stairs, and kiss farewell to you in your unconscious slumbers, but that my heart-strings would break with the effort. Margaret, when they are of an age to hear it, pray to them for forgiveness for their father; tell them it was for them, for you, that his sufferings became unbearable. Alone in this world, he could have borne and braved all. God bless you all! Margaret, my only love, farewell forever!

At this moment Mrs. Grainger suddenly returned to the room, several things in her hands.

"Look here, Adam, I have broken the cork. That's the fault of the fork. What a many things we shall want when we go into real housekeeping again! Had any one offered me a present of a corkscrew this morning, I should have declined it, as having no use for it."

"Why, what are you going to do?" he asked. "What's that hot water for?"

"To make some brandy-and-water. I boiled it up on some of Jemima's wood. We shall relish our supper of dry bread now, but it was terribly dry before. We must dispense with sugar, Adam."

"I don't want any brandy-and-water," he returned, speaking irritably, for he was vexed at these interruptions. "I have some writing to do, and wish to be alone."

"Do your writing to-morrow. We will keep festival to-night. It is not often we have French brandy to keep it on. What a treat after our wretched day!"

Something called her again from the room. In his infatuation he determined not to lose a moment. He lifted the handkerchief, and grasped the razor. Still not in time, for her hand was heard too soon on the handle of the door. He dashed the dangerous weapon back again with a muttered word; it might have been a curse; and, taking up the brandy bottle, shook it about and pretended to be looking through it; any thing to hide his confusion, coward that he was. She happened to glance at him, and she set down the glasses and some bread, and was startled.

"Adam, how strange you look! Quite wild. Are you ill? feverish?"

"I think I am," he groaned, relinquishing the bottle, and pressing his hands upon his temples.

"Some brandy-and water will do you good. Make it, please. It is all ready."

"Do you give brandy for fever, Margaret?"

"Yes, for such fevers as yours; which arises from want of support. Make it at once, or the water will be getting cold."

He rose mechanically, and it is probable that his shaking hand may have poured more brandy than he intended into both glasses. Mrs. Grainger silently added additional water to hers, but he drank his—it seemed also mechanically. Suddenly she burst out laughing. He looked up reproachfully, her gay mood did so jar upon his nerves.

"Adam, I can't help it. I was thinking, suppose the man should come for the brandy back again, how foolish we should look!"

"You are merry to-night!"

"I am so pleased at our delicious supper. I wish Jemima was not gone to bed, I would take her some; but she has had a hard day's work and was tired. And for it to come so unexpectedly! We never know what things may turn up."

"Or one hour what the next may bring forth."

She talked on, thankful to cast aside care for one brief moment, but he only chafed at her sitting there with him. The cordial had warmed him, had soothed his broken spirit, and he leaned back in his chair, almost in enjoyment, but his fatal resolution abated not one jot in its force. Hoping to drive her from the room, he kept silence, and at last shut his eyes and feigned sleep. It succeeded, for she left the room, and now the opportunity was come.

He rose upright in his chair, determined not again to lose it. Yet he did pause for an instant or two. His thoughts were turning to chaos: all things of his life seemed to be before his sight, and yet nothing. He stood on the confines of this life, on the threshold of Eternity: one minute more, and he would have entered on its mysteries forever. *Eternity!——forever!——his own act!*

He made an effort to rid himself of the thoughts that were crowding on him. He untied his neckcloth, and it fell to the ground. Even in that last moment he was conscious of this, and picked it up again.

He was sick at heart. Suspense, dread, fear, overwhelmed him, shaking him with agony, as one in a convulsion. Yet, with all this, there was no repenting, no turning from his self-willed doom. "Now or never!" he muttered; "if I hesitate I am lost." *Lost!*

He threw aside the handkerchief, and took up what was under it. He raised his hand. One convulsive shudder, and Adam Grainger's spirit was in the other world.

But to what had he hastened? Oh, horror, horror! The pen cannot write it; words cannot utter it! living, waking beings, cannot imagine it. Mercy, mercy, upon him and all such? Fellow-creatures, cease not, cease never, to supplicate for these mistaken outcasts. They were pilgrims like ourselves, known and dear to many of us, living in hope here, waiting for a hereafter: it was but a moment's rashness, a moment's despair, yet one that we are taught forfeits Heaven. Oh, let us strive to atone for them! we, who still have the privilege of praying, let us pray for them untiringly, unceasingly! The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

To be dead, and yet alive; to be in the next world, yet awake to what was passing in this; surrounded by woe unutterable, and hope gone forever! Oh, fool! fool! he had talked, in life, of "despair," of "hope deserting him;" the film had fallen from his eyes now. As a grain of sand to the desert, a drop of water to the ocean was the duration of his mortal existence in comparison with Eternity. And he had refused to encounter its short-lived trials; he had shrunk from the insignificant frowns of the race around him, suffering, weak, finite beings like himself, and rushed into the presence of his outraged Creator. Did he think to gain Heaven by his mad exit? What *had* he gained? Oh, short-sighted man! Oh, awful, awful!

Adam Grainger had passed by his own act from time to Eternity, and the wide flood-gates of retribution were thrown back, and the waters of repentance came rushing on to his soul. He writhed and struggled with the torrent, but on, on it came, and surrounded him. Repentance such as we can feel—what was it to his? He strove to tear himself in his anguish, to cur

himself for his rash presumption, to howl aloud in his sharp torment; *but he dared not kneel and pray to God;* he had forfeited that privilege forever. And alas! how short-sighted had been his wisdom! for, behold, there, at a little distance, was a bright cloud, no bigger than a speck, and he saw that it had been coming towards him, charged with relief and recompense. Now it was arrested on its way, and was vanishing into air, for he himself had rendered its mission futile.

He stood in the spirit, and watched them as they crowded to view the lump of clay which he had cast aside: their comments, though whispered but in the heart, were loud enough to him. When, the first shock of pity past, dastard! wicked! were the best names they gave him. To desert his wife and children! to abandon their helplessness to a world which he had found so stern! His sons, wanting the guiding hand of a father, might grow up degraded men; his daughters to—what in life he would not have dared to glance at. Woe, woe, unutterable woe! Woe and torture upon his soul, by day and night, until the hour of doom!

They brought it in "Insanity," and the scanty funeral left the house for the church, bearing the remains to the place where they were to moulder. *He* followed in its wake. He saw, now, the utter mockery of the pomp and pride sometimes made to attend the dead. The *couriers en avant*, as we say of other shows, bearing their distinguishing batons; the decorated heads of the stately horses; the velvet trappings sweeping the ground; the majestic plumes rising over the death-carriage; the train of attendants, carriages and feathers and trappings, carriages and feathers and trappings still again, a long line of them; a coffin emblazoned with enough silver to tempt the cupidity of the living, whilst what it contains, that for which the show is made, is more loathsome than anything above the earth or below it. But where's the spirit? Following, as his was.

The curate read the service for the dead: little fear that any higher dignitary would attend to bury such as he. "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life—"

He tore about the church in dire anguish—we cannot picture such; he would have screamed aloud, but that sound was denied him; he would have dashed himself with frantic violence against the gravestones—all in vain. Until the Day of Judgment his punishment was confined to mental torture: afterwards—— In his convulsive throes he swept by Algernon, and the boy shuddered and sobbed: was he conscious that some blighting influence was close to him?

Oh, that he could undo his work!—that he could undo his work! He had talked of "tasting the quiet of the grave." There was no grave; the body he had cast off had the grave, not the spirit.

The space around was of awful immensity, beyond human comprehension; its color a dull gloomy lead. On its confines appeared a glimmering of shining light, telling of the realms he had lost, and of Him who made their brightness; and whenever his vision encountered that spot, dreadful fear shattered him, such as we can only experience in a dream. The living God was there; the God whom he had rejected; and he know that he must yet be brought before Him for judgment. But not yet; not, as it seemed, for ages; and, until then, he was doomed to whirl incessantly about, his horrible remorse tearing at his heart-strings. But it appeared that some power was impelling him towards that bright spot now. He struggled to resist, to bear back; nearer and nearer it urged him. "It is not time!" he screamed; "it is not time!" And, with a yell, as of madness, he—awoke.

He awoke. These horrors which had visited Adam Grainger were but a dream. When he had leaned his head back in his chair to feign sleep, hoping so to get rid of the presence of his wife, sleep had indeed mercifully overtaken him.

The large drops of agony stood upon his brow. He shook, as with an ague, from head to foot. He was still in uncertainty; was all *that* real, or had he indeed not lost Heaven? Mrs. Grainger, who had been watching him in his sleep, came forward.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he hoarsely gasped, "which is reality? Am I here by your side, a living man?"

"I don't know what can have been the matter with you!" she answered. "You fell asleep shortly after drinking the brandy-and-water, and I think you must have had a troubled dream—a nightmare. You have been so much disturbed in it; and you awoke with a positive scream."

He shook and shivered still, staring in affright. Not yet could he take in the mercy which had been vouchsafed him.

"Adam, look here. I took up your handkerchief to throw over your head, and there lay your razor. What did you bring it down for?"

"Margaret, that razor—"

He looked at her, and stopped for utterance. The truth flashed on her mind, and she cried out with a wild cry, as she threw herself on her knees before him:

"Oh, Adam! what frightful project is this?—We have borne much, we can bear more, we will bear all. I can, whilst you are left to me."

He was now weeping tears of relieved agony, thankful for the dreadful vision which had saved him.

"You have destroyed my peace of mind," she called. "With this fear hanging over me, I shall never know another moment's rest."

"I was about to destroy myself, Margaret; I know it now. And God has saved me by a dream—nay, a vision. I thought I had done it, and the horrors—"

He stopped and shivered again. She clasped him tightly.

"Tell it me, Adam."

"I cannot tell it you. No human words could convey an impression of its horrors. But it has saved my soul."

"You will bear all in future, as you have done, without a thought of lifting your hand against yourself? You promise me?"

"Ay, Margaret, bear all and welcome all. No matter what it may be, it will be to me a heaven, after what I have escaped from. How long did I sleep?"

"Half-an-hour."

"But half-an-hour!" he echoed. "All that horror in half-an-hour?"

"Adam," she said, in a low voice, "this must have been a fearful dream."

"Ay. Although it came from God."

It was close upon ten, when there came a knock at the street door. Mrs. Grainger rose to open it. She came back looking scared.

"Oh, Adam! the words I spoke in jest have come to pass. What shall we do?"

"Words?" he repeated.

"The man has come for the brandy. It was brought here in a mistake. He says a family of the name of Grainger, friends of his master's, have moved into a house to-day, lower down, and that's where he ought to have taken the brandy. What shall we do?"

"Sit down, Margaret, and make your mind easy. I will speak to the man."

"But how embarrassing for you!"

"My dear wife, nothing will ever appear embarrassing to me again. What I have gone through this night has rendered all things light to me here. I shall nevermore shrink from a fellow-creature."

CHAPTER III.

Several years went by. On a sunny lawn, but seated under the shade of trees whose leaves cast a grateful shelter, was gathered a happy family group. A gentleman, his wife, and four children—merry-hearted, well-favored children. It appeared they had just returned home from school for the midsummer holidays, and were laughingly discussing their relative number of prizes.

"I consider that Walter has earned the most of you all," observed the father. "Is it not so, Margaret?"

"Why, papa! He has only three, and I five!"

"Yes, master Algernon, but remember you are six years older than he."

"He is not half so much up in English and French, even for a junior, as I am in the classics," returned master Algernon, consequentially.—"Look at Isabel's, papa?"

"I have seen Isabel's. She has done well. But what about Carry's? Where are hers?"

"I think it may be as well for you not to inquire about Carry's," interposed mamma.

"Why, Carry! Do you mean to confess that you have earned none?"

"Oh, papa! if they had given a prize for dancing, I should have gained that."

"She is always dancing," cried Isabel.—"She cares for nothing else. Dancing and laughing."

"Well, well, they are appropriate to childhood. Care will come in time."

There now appeared two servants from the house, bearing refreshments, wine, fruit, cakes, &c., which they placed on the table before their master and mistress. It may be mentioned that the house, though not of extreme size, was compact and elegant, and appeared to be replete with every pleasant comfort. The garden was large for the outskirts of London.

"Oh, what a nice treat!" exclaimed Caroline.

"Is that to welcome us home from school?"

"Children, sit down and enjoy it," said their father. "This day is the anniversary of an eventful era in my life, and I would keep it as one of thanksgiving."

"What event was it?" asked the children.

"One by which I was in great peril."

"Peril of your life, papa?" inquired the eldest boy.

"Yes, Algernon, in peril of my life."

"And who saved you?"

"One that will save all who apply to Him."

"Ah, you mean God. Tell us about it, papa."

"It is not of a nature fitted for your years. You shall hear it when you are men and women."

"Did mamma know it?"

"Mamma did."

"And is it a year ago to-day?"

"It is several years ago."

"I know," cried the dancing Carry. "Papa was run over."

"No, Caroline, I was not run over. I think you stand most chance of encountering that calamity, if you fly about so heedlessly. You are dancing now."

"Papa, I expect it was during the time we were so poor. How very poor we were! *You* don't remember much about it," added Algernon, turning to his brother and sisters.

"I do," said Isabel.

"Ay, children, many's the morning I've got up, and did not know where to get you a bit of bread. Give me your hands, dear children, and listen to me. I am about to speak to you very seriously, and I must request you never to forget my words. You have spoken, Algernon, of the poverty we were in, but you cannot understand half its misery, half its embarrassment. It lasted so long, that I rashly concluded I was forgotten by God; my heart, crushed with misery and wearied out, was almost broken, my spirit quite. I was tempted to abandon all, to—to—" here he placed his hands upon his temples—"to abandon you, my children, but a singular event showed me my error, and led me to better thoughts. I no longer imagined I *could not* bear any ill which might be my lot, but resolved *to do so*, and I found that this resolution took away half its hardship. I recalled one of the Promises your mamma has often read to you, which I had chosen to forget—that, as our day is, so, if we will it, shall our strength be. From that time I no longer gave way to despair, but struggled on, doing my very best in reliant trust and hope. And—you see, my children, you know how we have been brought through—we have regained all we had lost, even former friends; content, plenty, and peace are ours, and those dark days are remembered but as a dream."

That these words of Adam Grainger could be heard by all who, like him, feel tempted to believe they are abandoned of Heaven! Oh, let the would-be suicide remember them to his comfort, and *stay his hand!* Though his spirit be faint and weary, and his health shattered; though hope has flown far away, and he looks around him, and finds nowhere, under the four winds of heaven, to turn to for comfort or rest; and so despair has laid hold upon him, and he seizes, in his madness, the fatal weapon that will end his woes in this life; even at that last dread moment LET HIM STAY HIS HAND! he knows not what an hour may bring forth, what God's compassion may have in store for him.

A LEAK IN THE WATERING CART.—Tucker, the indefatigable contractor for watering the streets, was much amused yesterday by a countryman, who is, perhaps, first introduced to town by the "iron horse" penetrating to his sylvan retreat. Tucker was mounted upon one of his new sprinkling carts, with water trickling out behind from the gutter, effectually dampening down the troublesome dust, when turning a corner, where leaning against a post was our country-cousin, he was thus accosted: "Helloa, mister, ye're spilling all yer water!" This naturally enough caused an outburst of merriment from the knowing ones in the vicinity, and Johnny Green, hitching up his homo-spuns, moved on in search of other sights, muttering half inaudibly that he would like to know what them "fellers" saw to make them "bust out a sniggerin' so."—*Memphis Bulletin.*

A WEDDING IN RUSSIA.

THE FAIRIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CLARA DOTY.

Abroad in the dim hush of summer nights,
In mystic numbers, with dew-sandalled feet,
Following the wanton torch-flies' crimson lights,
Their magic circles in the dance to beat;—

Abroad upon the prairie's rolling slopes,
Upon the meadow's level breadth of green,
Within the shadows of the tangled copse,
In the full glimmer of the moon's pale sheen;—

Carousing in the wild-swan's lone resort,
Among the river-rushes, tall and slim,
Or clinging with white arms in joyous sport
Upon the water-wheel's revolving rim;—

Upon the summits of eternal snow,
Moving like mists along the glacier floors,
Or dashing down the lava's molten flow
In fiery skiffs with sulphur-dripping oars;—

In the broad rivers following the tide,
Steering their kelpie-coursers through the foam;
Robing the marish like a ghostly bride;
Tossing bright banners o'er the northern dome;—

'Tis thus in the dim hush of summer nights,
The fays and fairy-knights hold revels gay;
Then when the ruddy morning's herald-lights
Draw back the sheltering curtain from the day,

The early sun-flower spreads its yellow shield,
The white one-pillared mushroom rears its seat,
The red-topped clovers countless coverts yield,
Apart the rose's perfumed folds are sent.

The morning-glory locks its portals fast,
The lily bends its chalice filled with dew,
The lark soars singing from her vacant nest,
And they are hid away from mortal view.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A variety of very pretty bonnets, suitable for spring and summer, have appeared within the last few days. The majority of those composed of French chip are trimmed with flowers. Small white and lilac flowers, intermingled with delicate light green foliage, may be mentioned as among those frequently employed. Cordons, sprays, and bouquets of violets, acacia, China primroses, hyacinth, daisies, and forget-me-not, may also be included among the fashionable ornaments for bonnets of French chip. One of the new bonnets composed of chip is trimmed with rows of lilac silk and bouquets of lilac intermingled with foliage. The curtain is formed of stripes of chip and lilac silk, placed alternately with bouilloanes of tulle. At the edge of the bonnet there is a fall of very light blonde, and the trimming in the inside consists of blonde and bouquets and sprays of lilac. The strings are composed of lilac ribbon. One of the new chip bonnets just received from Paris is trimmed with blonde, rows of amber-color silk, and flowers of the same color. The edge of the brim and the curtain is edged with blonde, and the strings are of amber-color ribbon.

Many of the spring novelties in the department of *lingerie* are very elegant. The most fashionable style of under-sleeves are those with broad turned-up cuffs of lace or needlework, and trimmed with colored ribbon. Others are formed of two large puffs of muslin, intermingled with small bows of colored ribbon.

Instead of a collar a small ruff is now sometimes worn round the throat. A ruff just introduced in Paris is distinguished by the name of the *Fraise a la Gabrielle*. It is formed of a narrow slip of quilled muslin, edged at each side by a narrow row of Valenciennes. In the middle of the quilling there is a bouillon of muslin, within which is run a colored ribbon, and the ruff is fixed in front of the throat by a bow of the same.

An evening-dress of rather a novel description has recently been made. It is composed of two different materials, viz.: a maroon-color moire antique and taffety, chequered in white maroon. The skirt, which is of the moire antique, is open at the sides, and the openings shows an under jupe made of the chequered taffety. The open edges of the moire antique skirt are connected together by *barrettes* and buttons of passementerie. The back of the corsage is of moire antique, and the front is of chequered taffety, with barrettes and buttons of passementerie.—*London Lady's Paper, April 25th.*

Useful Receipts.

TO REMOVE MOLES FROM THE SKIN.—Lemon juice rubbed on the moles will often greatly diminish, if not entirely efface them.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM THE COLLAR OF A COAT.—Obtain a little spirits of ammonia, and mix it in a pint of cold water; then well sponge the collar or other parts until the grease disappears, which it will quickly do. *Or*, dip a soft flannel in spirits of turpentine, and rub the greasy part with it.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Put into a tub or pan one bushel of quick lime, two pounds and a half of salt, and a pound of cream of tartar. Mix the same together with as much water as will reduce the composition to that consistence as to cause an egg to swim with its top just above the liquid. Then put and keep the eggs therein, which will preserve them perfectly sound at least two years.

TO CLEAN THE GILDING OF PIER GLASSES.—Take a small quantity of soft soap, about as much as you could put on a shilling, and mix it gradually with a pint of water that has been boiled, and allowed to get cold; put this mixture into a bottle, and shake them well together. Add two tablespoonfuls of hartshorn, and again shake the bottle well. The gilding must then be brushed over with a very soft camel-hair brush which has been dipped in this liquid. After the detergent has been on the gilt a minute or so, using a slight brushing to the dirtiest and most intricate portion of the work, it must be freely washed off with plenty of soft water, and then left to dry of its own accord. To dry it you would do well to place it in the draught or where the sun may shine on it. Next day it must be slightly rubbed with a new washleather, which will enhance its brilliancy.

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF CARPETS.—Scrape and pound together in equal proportions, magnesia in the lump, and fullers' earth; having mixed these substances, pour on them a sufficient quantity of boiling water to make into a paste; lay this paste as hot as possible upon the grease spots in the carpet and let it dry. Next day, when the composition is quite dry, brush it off, and the grease spots will have disappeared.

TO CURE WARTS.—The treatment of warts is to pare the hard and dry skin from their tops, and then touch them with the smallest drop of strong acetic acid, taking care that the acid does not run off the wart upon the neighboring skin, for if it do, it will occasion inflammation and much pain. If this practice be continued once or twice daily, with regularity, paring the surface of the wart occasionally, when it gets hard, and dry, the wart may be soon effectually cured.

MICE IN THE GARDEN.—If any one will procure a common earthen pickle-jar, not less than nine inches in depth, half fill it with water, well smear the mouth and inner edges with grease, and sink it in the vicinity required (the mouth being level with the surface of the ground), he will find it an excellent mode of ridding himself of the annoyance of mice in his garden.

HOW TO COOK RHUBARB.—It is a common error in cooking rhubarb to peel it. This should never be done, as the skin contains the aroma of the plant and is not at all fibrous, but cooks as readily and becomes pulpy. We have derived this information from a French cook of note, experience and skill. The same cook tells us that asparagus should be cut into pieces about three-quarters of an inch long, before cooking. It should be boiled with a nice piece of salt pork, and served up in the same manner as peas.

RHUBARB MARMALADE.—Now that a supply of rhubarb is at hand, we present our readers with a recipe, which has been furnished us, and which we have had tested, and can therefore recommend for making a delicious marmalade:—Pare and cut into very small pieces 2 pounds of rhubarb; and 1¼ pounds of loaf-sugar, and the rind of one lemon, cut very fine, and into very small pieces. Put the whole into a dish, or other deep vessel, and let it stand until next day. Then strain off the juice, and boil from half an hour to three-quarters; after which, add the rhubarb, and boil altogether ten minutes.

☞ "The ancients," says Julius Hare, "dreaded death; the Christian can only fear dying."

WHY SHOULD AGE BE SO UNLOVELY?

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

Eyes less bright, and locks of gray,
Limbs that seek repose,
Show us that Life's lengthened day
Is drawing nigh its close;
But there's brightness in the sunset,
Rest beneath the shade—
Why should age be so unlovely
As 'tis sometimes made?

Gather'd thoughts, and chastened views,
Words of lofty tone,
Oft from feeble lips diffuse
Wisdom not their own;
Feeling still has all its kindness,
Though in strength decayed—
Why should age be so unlovely
As 'tis sometimes made?

Life has charms that yet have power
O'er the falling frame,
Charms that, to its latest hour,
Ever are the same.
And with art and nature's treasures
Still before us laid—
Why should age be so unlovely
As 'tis sometimes made?

When the scene grows dusk around,
Other spheres may shine;
Hope looks upward from the ground
Where we shall soon recline.
As the world recedes, bright visions
Heavenward are displayed—
Why should age be so unlovely
As 'tis sometimes made?

A WOMAN CAN KEEP A SECRET.

The following authentic story will invalidate the often repeated charge against women, that "they cannot keep a secret:"—

Some years since, a woman called at a glover's shop in the outskirt of the city of London, and purchased a pair of gloves for her immediate wear, observing at the same time, that she was on her way to Burnett—that she had left her gloves at her friend's house where she had called, and that she was apprehensive of being benighted if she went back for them. The glover fitted on the gloves; and the lady, after paying for them from a purse well stocked with bank notes, stepped into her carriage and proceeded on her journey. She had scarcely reached Finchly Common, when a highwayman stopped the carriage, and demanded her money. He entreated her not to be alarmed, as he had no intention on her person—if she surrendered her property, it was all he wanted, declaring that distress, and not his will, urged him to this desperate act, and he was determined to remove his pecuniary wants or perish. The lady gave him her purse and the desperado rode off.

After he was gone, and her fright had somewhat subsided, the lady imagined, that in the address of the highwayman, she recognized the voice of the glover she had just before dealt with. This conceit struck her so forcibly, that she ordered her servant to drive back to town—not choosing, she said, to venture further over the heath.

On her arrival at the glover's she knocked and gained admission, the glover himself opening the door. The lady desired to speak with him in private. The glover showed her to a back parlor; when she exclaimed, "I am come for my purse, of which you robbed me this evening on Finchly Common!"

The glover was confounded; and the lady proceeded—"It is of no use for you to deny it. I am convinced and your life is at my mercy. Return me my property, and trust to my humanity."

The glover, overcome with guilt, shame and confusion, confessed his crime, returned the purse, and pleaded his distress. The lady, after a suitable admonition, gave him a ten pound note, and bade him mend his way of life, and keep his own counsel; adding, that she would not divulge his name or place of abode. She kept her word; and though the robbery was stated in the public papers, the discovery was omitted; and it was not until recently that a minute account of this singular transaction was found among the papers alluded to. Even in the private memorandum, the name and residence of the glover was omitted; and the secret, in that particular, rests with the lady in the grave!

☞ We require four things for woman—that virtue dwell in her heart, that modesty play on her brow, that sweetness flow from her lips, and industry occupy her hands.—*Chinese Maxim.*

A WEDDING IN RUSSIA.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

During the stay of the English artist, Mr. R. T. Landells, in the neighborhood of Moscow—whither he had gone to sketch the splendid coronation scenes of last year—he had an opportunity of witnessing the picturesque ceremony of a Russian Wedding, which he accordingly sketched. The following are his recollections of the impressive scene:

"The bride and bridegroom in a Russian wedding have so many parts to play, that the wonder is they are able to get through the complicated ceremonies of the Greek Church correctly. The formula is not set forth in their prayer-books as the office of matrimony is in ours, and it is believed that no rehearsals are allowed.

"The wedding here illustrated took place last summer, a few miles from Moscow. We were invited, with many other Englishmen, to assist at it, and certainly the scene was one altogether new to us. At the hour appointed, we met at the residence of the bride, who, in her own apartment, was being decorated in her richest attire by her female friends and relatives; each having brought some small offering, and invoked with much earnestness the blessing and protection for her of their own favorite saint. Whilst this was going on here, similar proceedings were taking place at the bridegroom's abode, he being assisted on this, his last day of bachelorhood, by his particular friends, who all came to rejoice with him in his good fortune. When all was ready for proceeding to the church, the bride was enveloped in a large white veil by her mother, who, as well as her sobs and tears permitted her, blessed her darling child.

"Upon entering the church, they were met by all their neighbors and friends, and at first sight it seemed a scene of confusion—kissings and congratulations going on among the younger and more heedless of the company, and prostrations and prayers before the images of the saints by the elder portion. This at last was put an end to by the arrival of the priests, who, as they entered the church, presented a splendid and imposing picture. Their dresses of cloth of gold were richly embroidered; their long hair was parted in the middle, and fell down their shoulders in rich profusion. They approached the altar, and received there the happy couple. After a slight exordium to them upon the duties they were about to undertake, a small carpet of velvet with gold embroidery, presented to the church by the bride, was brought forth. Upon this the pair knelt; lighted candles (previously blessed) were placed in their hands, and the prayers were chanted by the priests in rich, deep voices—the people all bowing and crossing themselves incessantly; the rings were next blessed and exchanged, the priests still chanting. Then came the sacramental cup—the priests, bride and groom alone partaking of it, which they did three times each person. To conclude the ceremony two crowns were produced, massive and heavy with gold and stones; in the front of each were portraits of 'Mary, Mother of God,' and of St. Nicholas. These were piously and with much reverence kissed by the young couple, and then handed over to the groom's men, who, during the remainder of the prayers, held them over the heads of bride and bridegroom. This was not difficult as long as the parties were kneeling or standing; but they were obliged to follow the happy couple round the church, they being led round by the priest, who had hold of both their hands, he all the time chanting a prayer in a fine deep voice. The effect of this part of the ceremony was somewhat marred by the bridegroom's extreme height, his attendant being rather short, so that most of the time he was on tiptoe, which, of course, detracted from his graceful appearance. In this way they made the tour of the church three times. When they had finished, the senior priest again reminded them of their duties; and, as soon as the bride and bridegroom had kissed all the images and holy relics of the church, the congratulations and kissings of the entire party were renewed most vigorously. On their return to their own home they were met at the door by their parents, who, with many prayers and blessings, offered them the bread and salt, which are significant of prosperity and happiness. The young couple repeatedly kissed the hands and feet of their parents, and thanked them for all their love and kindness. Wine was then drunk to the health of the newly-married couple, congratulations were repeated, and the evening was spent in festivity, in which the bride and bridegroom bore their part. The feasting lasted many days, and, as is always the case from the highest to the lowest, the newly-married pair were the principal actors. There is no running away to spend the honeymoon alone, in some dreary, dull place, amidst strangers; but their first days of wedded life are passed amongst their relatives and friends, who endeavor with them to make the great event of their lives as happy as possible—a much more sensible and rational mode of proceeding, we imagine."

A CUNNING CAT.—One day the cook in a monastery, when he laid the dinner, found one brother's meat missing. He supposed that he had miscalculated, made good the deficiency, and thought of it no more till the next day, when he had again too little at dinner time by one monk's commons. He suspected knavery, and resolved to watch for the thief. On the third day he was quite sure that he had his meat cut into the right number of portions, and was about to dish up, when he was called off by a ring at the outer gate. When he came back there was again a monk's allowance gone. Next day he again paid special heed to his calculations; and when he was on the point of dishing up, again there was a ring at the gate to draw him from the kitchen.—He went no further than the outside of the kitchen door, when he saw that the cat jumped in at the window, and was out again in an instant with a piece of meat. Another day's watching showed that it was the cat also who, by leaping up at it, set the bell ringing with her paws; and thus having, as she supposed, pulled the cook out of the kitchen, made the coast clear for her own piratical proceedings. The monks then settled it in conclave that the cat should be left thus to earn for the remainder of her days double rations, while they spread abroad the story of her cunning. So they obtained many visitors, who paid money for good places from which to see the little comedy; and they grew richer for the thief they had among them.—*Household Words.*

☞ COOLNESS AND COURAGE.—Courageous Young Man—"Ah, they tried to garrote me the other night, but they rather missed their figure. I just put my head down and hollered, when they ran off. They got my watch and portmonnaie, but they couldn't garrote me." Admiring Friend—"Well, I should never have had so much presence of mind."

A REVOLT IN A MAD HOUSE.

FROM "KNAVES AND FOOLS."

About thirty years ago, among the Surrey hills, on a broad heath, stood the only house for many miles around; a vast red brick mansion—half palace, half farmhouse. It had been commenced by a Turkey merchant retiring from business, and it had been finished by a farmer-smuggler, who rented the heath, and who supplied London with French goods landed on the Sussex coast. It was, many years ago, occupied by a great physician, who was making a fortune by taking care of the wealthy insane. The Turkey merchant's graceful corridors served as wards; the smuggler's vast cellarage served as dungeons. It might have been built on purpose; as the great physician, returning from his regular ride, constantly soliloquised on the Surrey hills. It was a capital madhouse. In those days the lonely situation was not the least advantage observed by the great physician, who had made his money by observation.

Many, many years ago, then, one Christmas eve, all was dark without; the restless rain drizzled against the big house. But there was much light within; the upper part of the house was brilliant. Below, every entrance was barred; but above there were pleasant windows; and these windows now threw sheets of light from within upon the dreadful night. Standing close under the walls, you could have heard music; peering up, you could see figures flitting athwart the light. It was very strange; for this is a madhouse; a madhouse thirty years ago.

This great physician was a great Reformer.—He knew nothing of his art, as Forbes Winslow knows it; but he was a large headed man—and was possessed of common sense and energy; and his common sense had taught him how to manage the mad; and his energy had enabled him to press his views generally upon a connection formed by his pamphlets; so that he was making a fortune by his common sense. Ahead of his time, in his department, he startled; but he was winning; and he was working out his theories in this lonely house on the Surrey hills.

This theory was, that gentleness and kindness are, after a first cruelty or two, more efficacious in keeping patients quiet than blows and bludgeons. He did not believe in cures—he always candidly told his employers so—but he would keep the afflicted creatures quiet; "and quiet," he'd say, "is a great deal, my dear sir." And the dear sirs groaned acquiescently.

But this great physician, who was also a great Reformer, was making a fortune: and, as the keeper of a private Lunatic Asylum, he dealt in *lettres de cachet*: relatives, he said, must know best; and when a patient was brought to him as mad, he took for granted that the enraptured individual was mad; and he treated those brought to him according to his theories for the insane.

The great red brick house is, therefore, not full of the really mad; there are others who are merely weak or silly, and who have been got out of the way by afflicted relatives not possessed of money enough, and desirous of centreing family property in their own persons. Very dreadful; but such things were, thirty years ago—when the Reformed Religion had been some time established in this land; and such things, to some slighter extent, are still—when locomotives have whirled great civilization among us.

The doctor divided his establishment into three departments. The dungeons for the raging; the ground floor for the restive and the impulsive; the second and third floors for the moody and the contented—the quiet classes.—There was an established system of promotion. The doctor saw every patient as he or she came in; and generally alone; for the doctor was a strong man. Most were violent at first; but, whether violent or not, the doctor walked up to them (the men) and knocked them down. Some wrestled and struggled, but the doctor always conquered; he had much practice.

This, he said, was the first step in the right direction; he established his own physical and moral supremacy; and his theory was, that the mad naturally like those who can beat them—that the slave most needs, in his human wants, a master. When the knocked down was picked up, he was taken to the dungeon—as were women likewise—and there talked to; examined—ascertained. As long as the violence continued, so long was the residence in the dungeon: as the doctor always told the violent—through the trap-door. Some were never calmed; in fact, the dungeons were nearly full; and many had already died miserably during the doctor's stay, and had been buried on a "consecrated" bit of the heath.

Those who calmed and made promises, got taken up to the ground floor and smelt the air again; and they liked the better treatment and better food so well, that they seldom had to be knocked down by the doctor's fist, or crushed by the keeper's loaded stick. Some of these, however, did not get well enough to go higher; those who did, rose to the next floors; but there they stayed—there was then neither rising nor falling; none, in the doctor's time, had ever got out of that house. Humorously the doctor used to call his three floors his three estates, and he the king; he would compare his house to the world, and when he got new patients, chuckle over the sinister comparison.

One Christmas eve, then, the doctor for the first time was trying a great experiment—throwing the second and third floor inhabitants together—appealing to their sociality: they were all of the genteeler classes, and had relics of fashion and manner about them; so he was offering them negus—inducing them into music—setting them to cards, arranging them into dances.

The men and women had been confined in separate wards, of course; and now, brought together, they stared at one another, were shy, uneasy, and kept apart, and did not speak when the doctor forced and pushed them into the dance. Their common subjects of conversation were certainly scarce; and, as each had been tamed enough by the burly doctor to know that they were in a madhouse, there was a shame in the sensations with which the one sex encountered the other, somewhat inimical to the success of the experiment now being made upon them. In truth, the experiment was not succeeding. The rooms were alive with light, the holly was abundant, the refections overflowing; and the music—some of the patients, and they were the least unhappy, playing themselves—was not allowed to cease for an instant. The doctor was moving about in every direction, like a warm host at a country ball, joking, laughing, flirting; urging, roystering, appealing; he merry and brisk and jovial—with a dreadful fear at his heart that he had been too venturous.

But that the men and women kept apart, talking and staring, in different corners, and that music played even when the compulsory dance was over, and that the doctor's wife, cowering on a sofa, did not look the hostess, this ball-room was like any other ball-room, and the thirty or forty persons there, like any other thirty or forty persons enjoying at that time of the year the dissipations of British society. Still the keepers—six stout, strong men, with loaded sticks—who were sitting in an anteroom, and who, one by one, had peeped at the festivities, whispered and grinned knowingly at one another, and had a superior contempt for the great physician that night.

The doctor struggled on for an hour, perspiring, despairing; and had made more negus—a keeper had brought in the hot water—and then sat down by his wife to wipe his forehead, and think what should be the next step. His wife said:

"You see they do not understand it; better let me get the females off to bed."

He replied:

"No, no! perhaps their strangeness will wear off; let us wait and see further."

Yet still he thought his wife was right.

All eyes were on the strong doctor. Madmen and madwomen wondered what he looked vexed for, and what he expected them to do. The card tables stopped, too, as with one accord; without agreement. The three mad fiddlers gave in, and the mad lady at the piano left off her country-dance, turning round to look at the doctor. The blind, hired fiddler gave in, too, then; and put out his hand for drink. He had been one of a band which for an hour had been playing contrary tunes simultaneously; and as a professional man he was wearied and disgusted; resolving not to get drunk, lest he should never find his way across the heath.

There was silence—odd and unpleasant silence.

A young man came forward. He had a bulbous head, and black, bright eyes; the glare of which menaced. Tall and graceful, and very strong, but stepping forward unsteadily—with the tread of a lunatic.

"Doctor," he said, smiling, and bending his handsome head in deep reverence to the doctor's wife, "I have been asked to sing; you know I was famous in my regiment for my voice; have I your permission?"

"Delighted," cried the doctor, springing up; "how is it that we never thought of that before? Sing, my dear fellow, by all means."

The young fellow—he was called the captain, in the house—smiled acknowledgments.

"I will sing a Scotch war song," he said; "it is professional."

The men crowded up to the doctor's sofa, and then the doctor invited the ladies, and brought them over.

"I must sing in character," said the captain. "Miss," (to a delicate, weak-faced girl,) "will you lend me your scarf? Thank you. Doctor, lend me your gold-headed cane; it will be a sword. There, now, I've a tartan round me; my claymore is in my hand. By God, I feel a soldier again!"

He walked up and down the room, fronting the company, his head down, thinking, his hand beating his forehead; new thoughts were coming in. He had forgotten a song he wanted to sing. But an exclamation told he had hit on what he sought for; he stopped suddenly; fire and force in his eye and countenance; and in a rich, round voice, with a shout that made the keepers spring up in their den, he commenced—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"

And as he sung, he marched, gesticulating vehemently, lost in the scene the song called up. He was furiously mad; as bad as when he was first taken to the dungeons; and, when he swore that he was "The Bruce," the doctor quailed. "The Bruce" had called him "proud Edward," when he first entered the house. Should this old idea return! Ah, it had returned! the lunatic had stopped in his pacings opposite the doctor; and the crowd was between the doctor and the door.

But the doctor was a bold man; he kept his eye on the madman.

The song had warmed the blood about the hearts of the other madmen; their breasts were heaving—the madness was becoming contagious.

The doctor's wife leaned back, fainting; the madwomen were pleased, and were beating time with their feet as they stood.

"This must be put a stop to!"

The doctor arose—quietly. And, as he arose, the Bruce realized the vision of proud Edward. The gold-headed, but leaded cane—his emblem of the sceptre, the doctor used to say—came down with a fearful crash on the bald head. The blow was fatal; the doctor fell dead. And the Bruce went on—

"Lay the proud usurper low,
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow,
Let us do or die"

The Bruce planted his foot on the slain—renewing, raising the mighty chorus of his song. And the wildness had mounted and spread; the other madmen roared louder; they had clearly taken the doctor's death as a matter of course—as part of the play they were acting. And the doctor was the proud Edward. He had given them a glimpse of liberty, and they knew they had been prisoners.

The doctor's wife fled screaming; the keepers rushed in—appalled—and ranged themselves near the body, from which the lunatics, at the rush, had fallen back; still singing, however, and gesticulating. The keepers were very puzzled. The head keeper said:

"Bring out sticks!" three left the room to carry out the stratagem.

The Bruce, now yelling his song with hideous emphasis, saw the whisper—saw the expression of the faces. He leaped forward with a bound like a tiger's. Heavens! he had shot back the massive bolts of the strong door; only three keepers were in the room, and fifteen raging lunatic men.

The Bruce was armed. Waving his heavy claymore, and standing with his back to the door, he defied the English, and summoned the Scotch to his side; and the Scotch gathered round him. The women had retreated, and were playing with the cards on the card-tables, or were looking idly and wonderingly on.

It was a moment of horror to the keepers.—They roared, "Break open the door!" The door was beaten with heavy sticks, and cries were heard, "Open it!" Then the singing ceased.

The Bruce felt his responsibilities as a general, and was almost calm—quite in earnest. One of the lunatics, an old man, was seen to stand on a chair—he pulled down a curtain pole. Three curtain poles were down in a second. The Bruce pointed to the fireplace; bars of iron were seized in a second.

Bewildered, the keepers had stood still this time; the enemy had got the advantage. The pealing at the door was louder, and with heavier blows of something massiver than sticks.

The Bruce resumed his song; the chorus was renewed; there was a rush at the keepers. Well—they died like men, or rats.

Then the door was opened; two men-servants had come to the aid of the three beleaguered keepers. But the madmen's blood was up; there were no fire-arms, and they were the strongest. Two of them had sunk, horribly bruised; but they had been avenged. Those keepers who had been knocked down, were beated or poled to death. One of them fled, the Bruce after him; he reached the yard, on his way to the heath; there was a wrestle; the Bruce crushed him into a well, and he was heard of no more.

That Christmas eve, the big house on the Surrey hills was in the possession of a small army of madmen.

The Bruce took command of the castle. He fastened all the doors, and all the windows; and the female servants caught in the kitchen, fainting over their swooned mistress, were taken prisoners to the ball-room. The madwomen were very polite to them. The mad ladies had entered into the spirit of the business; that is, those who were really insane, converted themselves into the Bruce's Scottish court; the merely weak were too frightened to do more than stare astonished; they were not quite alarmed.

"Spread the tables!" ordered the Bruce.

They were spread. A supper was laid out from the materials already collected in a near room.

"Who knows the way to the cellar?"

"I! I! I!"

"Go, all three; fetch your king some wine, and let us drink to victory. Ladies, take your seats. Beauty should banquet with valor!"

The doctor's and the keepers' bodies were removed out of the way. Guards were set over the women of the house. The wounded were consoled. The banquet of about thirty madmen and women was in progress. These people must be excused; of course, the ladies got excited, and, when they did, they began to neglect etiquette. Such a symposium as this never before took place in the world.

Characters now came out; before, it was but a crowd. There were more kings than Bruce, and every king proposed royal alliances. The *dramatis personæ* of lunacy are well known—they are at every asylum—they were here.

There was little acquaintance with Scottish history among the banqueters, and Bruce did not get on well in inducing his knights to answer to their names. His tone, as he drank, became too high; and the other drinkers began to protest. Each announced himself; every maniac was now inflamed; and all talked and screamed at once. The women sang, laughed, and cried.

An old man sitting at the end of the table most distant from Bruce, rose, and said:

"Mr. Speaker"—this was his madness; he was in the House of Commons. The odd address secured a silence in the din; every face was turned towards him. He was humored; lunatics can see one another's follies, and several said—"Hear, hear—oh, oh!" "Sir," said the old gentleman, "I believe, as the doctor has frequently mentioned, and not confidentially, for he had a loud voice, and I may repeat it,—I believe, sir, I say, if you will allow me, unwilling as I am to keep the house from a division, that there are three estates in this house"—(hear, hear.) "Well, sir, why should not all the estates come up to supper?"

It told; there was a screaming applause; men and women rushed from the room and poured down stairs; they were on their way to open the dungeons! They were going to let loose the wild beasts!

Guards and all; so that the servant-girls got away, and by back stairs out on the heath—flying scared. Bruce rose last from the table; he had been crowned with holly, and was mad with wine.

"Let me lead you!" he shouted, still with his claymore. But they would not stop. The yells and laughter and songs of the banqueters could be heard in the rooms below. So the Bruce was left to follow, and he followed.

As he reached the passage, inflamed and reeling and uncertain, a young girl touched his arm. She was the young girl he had taken the scarf from at the ball. She had been sent to the house by afflicted friends as an idiot, and the doctor had taken great pains with her; and, though she had not understood the scene which had passed, she had shrank from it—had been chosen as a partner by none—merely been a spectator of the banquet. She had heard the doctor speak of the dungeons; she had a vague horror of the inmates; and when the rush down stairs had taken place, her soul was filled with fear, and she trembled.

The magnificent figure, the song, the leadership of the captain, had struck her. She felt nearer to him than to others, and she advanced affectionately to consult him.

He knew her again, and his bright eyes grew larger and brighter with delight. She had not calculated it; but then she did not know he was so very mad.

A singular idea struck the maniac Bruce. He would be married!

Now, there was a clergyman in the house. His bishop and his wife had sent him there, upon a pretext that his (since called Puseyite) views on the regeneration by baptism proved his lunacy; the pretext being supported by his general manner and conduct; which were rather imbecile, and, in that respect, justified the medical lettre-de-cachet.

The Bruce collected a small company of ladies and gentlemen, charmed and further excited at the idea of a wedding—as, indeed, sane people are—and the trembling girl was married to him, according to all the sacred forms, and there was a wedding feast.

It was two days before the magistrates collected their courage and their military to march upon the mad fortress.

On the second day there was a great battle among the garrison. The dungeon demons warred on the Bruce; the house was set on fire, and many were burned to death.

The Bruce escaped, with his wife, and hid for three days among the hills. But he had been severely wounded, and bled to death at a farmhouse. There assistance was ridden for, and there he was found with the girl—who, herself singed, bruised, and now almost mad in reality—tended on him.

The gossips—there were gossips then—talked that Christmas more than gossips ever talked before.

They told how, when the Bruce was at his last gasp, he whispered to the girl, in a hoarse whisper that made the flesh creep—

"Welcome to your gory bed"

What most perplexed them was, that the victim-girl turned out, after all, quiet and well-behaved, and not at all the raging lunatic that she ought to have been. She was nursed into health by a beautiful brunette lady, who came from London to that farmhouse; and who, it seemed, was very fond of her, and did think her better than she ought to be.

Miss Dasert, of Beechton, Staffordshire, then an orphan, rich and handsome, but mourning the madness of this Bruce, to whom she had been engaged, went up to London when she heard of this dreadful affair, and adopted the wife-widow of her lover. The poor young creature died in giving birth to a daughter, and this daughter, taken possession of by Miss Dasert, was at twenty-five years of age left by that lady as mistress of that snug little property, Beechton, and of £50,000 in the funds. The will described the young lady as "my adopted daughter," and that was all the solicitors or the county found out; for Miss Dasert, during all the time that her adopted daughter was reaching twenty-five years of age, had lived either in London (for "masters,") or with her abroad, and had concealed the story. The young lady had been christened Mary Dasert, and was Miss Dasert, of Beechton, Staffordshire.

KISSES.

Sitting to-night in my chamber,
A bachelor, frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke-wreaths;
Memories tender surround me;
Girls that are married—or buried,
Gather around me.

School-girls in pantalets romping;
Girls that have grown to be misses;
Girls that liked to be kissed, and
Liked to give kisses.

Kisses—well I remember them!
Those in the corner were fleetest;
Sweet were those "on the sly;" in the
Dark were the sweetest.

Anna was tender and gentle;
To woo was almost to win her;
Her lips were as good as ripe peaches
And milk for dinner.

Nell was a flirt, and coquettish;
'Twas—catch me and kiss if you can, sir!
Could I catch both—ah! wasn't I
A happy man, sir!

Anna has gone on a mission
Off to the South Sea sinners;
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders, and
Cooks her own dinners.

Charlotte, and Susan, and Hattie,
Mary Jane, Lucy, and Maggie;
Four are married and plump, two
Maiden and scraggy.

Carrie is dead! Bloom sweetly,
Ye mignonettes, over her rest!
Her I loved dearly and truly,
Last and the best.

Thus I sit smoking and thinking,
A bachelor, frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only!

THE WAY WOMEN ARE TREATED IN BOHEMIA.—The men walk upright with unburthened backs, while their women lose all grace, all comeliness, nay, even the very form their Creator gave them, beneath the fardels they bear alone. Not an hour since, we saw an instance of the merciless fashion after which they are permitted by their husbands to abuse their feeble powers, in a couple passing beneath our windows. A woman, the heavy basket, familiar to all who visit these parts, strapped to her back, was bearing therein a more than sufficient load for one stronger than she seemed to be, but on her left arm she carried a pig, no less! which she maintained there with evident difficulty; she grasped the muzzle of the animal with her right hand (thus drowning its cries, in her respect for the repose, or rather for the gentility, save the mark! of those before whose dwellings she was passing, poor soul!), while her own slight frame was shaking and quivering, as she tottered along with the immoderate exertions she was making. And the man's share in all this, what was it?—Why, he carried the rope by which one leg of his pig was bound!—*Travels in Bohemia, by an Old Traveller.*

THE STAR IN THE EAST.—Mr. Pritchard has rectified a mistake in chronological astronomy, which appears to have obtained some currency in recent times. Dr. Ideler has asserted, in a well known work, that certain conjunctions of Jupiter and Saturn, which occurred in the year 7 B. C., would satisfy the circumstances recorded of the star of the Magi; and this explanation of the phenomena of the star has been adopted by some subsequent writers. Mr. Pritchard, however, having submitted the places of both planets to strict calculation, found that, although these conjunctions did actually occur in the year 7 B. C., on none of those occasions were the planets sufficiently close to present the appearance of a single star; nor, even admitting this to be true, were they in the proper position at sunset to justify the supposition of their identity with the star of the Sacred Writings.

SALT BARRELS FOR PRESERVING APPLES.—We have received a letter from C. W. Cooke, of Waterloo, New York, in which a fact of great importance is related in reference to the preservation of apples. He purchased five barrels of choice apples taken from one pile, last autumn, and put them into his cellar. On the first of April last, when he came to examine them, those in four of the barrels were mostly all damaged, while those placed in the other barrel were sound—"fresh and good." What was the cause of the preservation of the apples in this barrel?—Our correspondent says it was a Syracuse salt barrel, and had contained coarse salt, and he believes this was the cause of their immunity from rot. He, at least, can give no other reason.—Neither can we.—*Scientific American.*

EMPLOYMENT OF AMYLENE FOR CHILDREN.—M. Giraldes, as the result of the employment of amylene in place of chloroform in the cases of twenty-five children of different ages, draws the following conclusions:—1st. It is respired more easily, and with less struggling than chloroform. 2nd. Anæsthesia takes place very rapidly. 3rd. The sleep is more calm and natural, and is unaccompanied by stertor. 4th. The patients rapidly return to their normal conditions. 5th. It does not induce nausea, vomiting, or cerebral conjestion. 6. The patients suffer no inconvenience afterwards, recovering all their cheerfulness.

THE GARROTE.—Few people know the meaning of this phrase, now in every mouth. It is simply the Spanish word for a "a stick," which was applied to twist the cord in the old-fashioned days of executions. It has acquired a technical precision of meaning, applicable to assaults and robberies, when the victim is stupified either by the forced inhalation of ether; or by mechanical pressure on the respiratory organs.

THE SENSE OF PRE-EXISTENCE.

FROM "NOTES AND QUERIES."

I was once the subject of a remarkable day-dream, which you will perhaps permit me to relate. About four years ago I suffered severely from derangement of stomach; and upon one occasion, after passing a restless and disturbed night, I came down to breakfast in the morning, experiencing a sense of general discomfort and uneasiness. I was seated at the breakfast table with some members of my family, when suddenly the room and objects around me vanished away, and I found myself, without surprise, in the street of a foreign city. Never having been abroad, I imagined it to have been a foreign city from the peculiar character of the architecture. The street was very wide, and on either side of the roadway there was a foot pavement, elevated above the street to a considerable height. The houses had pointed gables and casemented windows overhanging the street.—The roadway presented a gentle acclivity; and at the end of the street there was a road crossing it at right angles, backed by a green slope, which rose to the eminence of a hill, and was crowned by more houses, over which soared a lofty tower, either of a church or some other ecclesiastical building. As I gazed on the scene before me I was impressed with an overwhelming conviction that I had looked upon it before, and that its features were perfectly familiar to me: I even seemed to remember the name of the place, and whilst I was making an effort to do so a crowd of people appeared to be advancing in an orderly manner up the street. As it came nearer it resolved itself into a quaint procession of persons in what we should call fancy dresses, or perhaps more like one of the guild festivals which we read of as being held in some of the old continental cities. As the procession came abreast of the spot where I was standing I mounted on the pavement to let it go by, and as it fled past me, with its banners and gay paraphernalia flashing in the sunlight, the irresistible conviction again came over me that I had seen this same procession before, and in the very street through which it was now passing. Again I almost recollected the name of the concourse and its occasion; but whilst endeavoring to stimulate my memory to perform its function, the effort dispelled the vision, and I found myself, as before, seated at my breakfast-table, cup in hand. My exclamation of astonishment attracted the notice of one of the members of my family, who inquired "what I had been staring at?" Upon my relating what I have imperfectly described, some surprise was manifested, as the vision, which appeared to embrace a period of considerable duration, must have been almost instantaneous. The city, with its landscape, is indelibly fixed in my memory, but the sense of previous familiarity with it has never again been renewed. The "spirit of man within him" is indeed a mystery; and those who have witnessed the progress of a case of catalepsy cannot but have been impressed with the conviction, that there are dormant faculties belonging to the human mind, which, like the rudimentary wings said to be contained within the skin of the caterpillar, are only to be developed in a higher sphere of being. JOHN PAVIN PHILLIPS.

Haverfordwest, England.

☞ A noble heart will disdain to subsist, like a drone, upon the honey gathered by others labor—like a leech, to fich its food out of the public granary—or like a shark, to prey on the lesser fry, but will one day or another earn its subsistence.

☞ "Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fitzgerald of her backwoods lover. "I can't say," he replied, "I never ate any; but I tell you I'm death on *possum!*"

☞ The Indians give each other very significant names. Lieutenant Hooper, of the Arctic expedition, found a woman at Fort Simpson, whose name was "Thirty-Six Tongues."

☞ Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company, and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.—*Swift.*

☞ To know, and to think that we know not, is the highest pitch of merit. Not to know, and to think that we know, is the common malady of men. If you are afflicted at this malady, you will not be infected with it.

☞ Mankind may be divided into three classes: those who do what is right from principle; those who act from appearances; and those who act from impulse.

☞ The saint clothes himself in coarse raiment and hides precious gems in his breast.

☞ The net of heaven is immense; its meshes are wide, and yet nobody escapes.

☞ A young lady says that "if a cart-wheel has nine felloes attached to it, it's a pity that a girl like her can't have one.

☞ Of all the projects of reformers and enthusiasts, no one has done so much to enlarge the sphere of woman in a practical way as—hoops.

☞ A lady occupying letter B, at one of our hotels, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at 7, and if letter B says, 'let us be,' don't let us be, nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B———, who is to be on hand at half past 7."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62 112	—	
" " '67 113½	—	
" " '68 113½	—	
" 5 " '65 110	—	
Phila 6 pr ct	99	99½
" new	98	99½
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	99	55
Penn 6 pr ct	74	75
" " coupon	74½	75
All'gy city 6 pr ct	63½	63
" county "	6.	6.4
Alle co RR 6's	65	75
Penn		
" 5 "	83½	83½
" " coupon	87	87½
Penn 6 pr ct	87	88
" 5 " coupon	76½	77
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102½	103½
Penn RR 5 pr ct	96½	97½
2d m'rt loan '63	85½	86
Cam & Am RR 6 pr ct	96	96½
P G & N RR "	95	95½
Reading RR "	76½	77
" " m'rt "	84	90
H & Lan RR "	87	89
P & S RR "	—	—
Chs Val RR "	90	95
Penn RR "	90	95
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct	96½	96½
Lane I RR "	85½	90
Sch Nav '82 "	66½	67
Lehigh Nav "	94½	95½
Mort "	93½	93½
C & C "	72	73
Sus & Tid '72"	64	64
Union Canal	59½	60
Willims & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 pr ct	75	75½
2d " 7 pr ct	64	64½
Catawissa "	56	56½
North Penna 6 pr ct	57	58
RAILROAD STOCK		
Cam & Amboy	119	119½
Penna	66	66½
Bea Meadow	55½	55½
North Penna	11	11½
Phil Ger & Nor	60	61
Reading	39½	39½
" preferred	44½	45
Minehill	62½	63
Har & Lan	56	56½
Chester Val	45	5
Tioga	12	—
" preferred	20	—
P W & Balt	58	59
Long Island	11	11½
Wil sport & Elmira	20½	22
Catawissa	12	12½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	14½	15
" preferred	24½	25½
Lehigh Nav	60	60
Morris	74	—
" preferred	82	86
C & Del	60	70
Union	10½	10½
Sus & Tidewater	5	9
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	155	160½
Penn	113	114
Phila	124	129
Far & Mec	64	64½
Commercial	70	80
N Liberty	56	61
Mechanics	28½	30
Southwark	75	80
P Township	28½	30
Kensington	60	70
Girard	10½	11
Western	64½	67½
Man & Mech	30	35
Commerce	66	66
Tradesman's	65	—
City	22	23½
Consolidation	27	28½
Pittsburg	57	—
M & M Phila	50	—
Ex'ge Phila	56	—
Kentucky	113	113½
Northern, Ky	113	120
Louisville, Ky.	112	113½
Farmers, Ky.	112	113
Union, Nash Tenn	108	110
Plant's, Tenn.	107	109
Com & R Visk	94	94
N O Gas Lt	129	130

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The late foreign advices, though of an encouraging character, have had little or no effect upon the market. The receipts and stocks of Flour have been light, but the demand has been limited, and prices have undergone no change. The sales for shipment comprise 5000 bbls standard and good brands, at $7 2½, including 500 bbls Baltimore at a lower rate; 1000 bbls extra at $7 62½@7 75; 100 bbls Ohio extra family at $8, and some middlings at $6. The sales for home consumption have been within the range of the above quotations. Rye Flour is scarce; 300 bbls sold at $4 62. The stock of Corn Meal is extremely small, and it is wanted.—Sales of 200 bbls Penna at $3 62½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been small during the past week, from all sources, but the demand has been limited, and we reduce our quotations 5c ₱ bus. Sales of 20,000 bus Southern and Penna at $1 75@1 80 for fair to prime red, and $1 80@1 85 for white. Rye has been in demand, and has again advanced. 3000 bus sold at $1 at 1c—closing at the latter. Corn has been in active request, and prices are 1c ₱ bus higher. The sales comprise about 60,000 bus yellow at Baltic afloat and in store, early in the week, and white at 79@80c—closing at our highest figure.—Oats have also been in good request, and prices are better—sales of 15,000 bus Delaware and Penna at 52@56c—part to arrive at the latter quotation.

PROVISIONS—There has been more inquiry, particularly for Bacon, and prices are tending upwards. Mess Pork has been sold to the extent of 1200 bbls at $23 75@24 50, closing from the latter rate, and Prime at $20 ₱ bbl. City packed Mess Beef is held firmly at our quotations, but only in small lots for ship stores. Bacon—There has been rather more inquiry, and Sides and Shoulders are now held somewhat higher. Sales of Hams at 1 1/4c ₱ lb for plain and fancy canvassed. Sides at 10½@10¾c, closing at the latter rate, and Sides at 10@10½ ₱ lb, to days, now held at 11c. Of Green Salted Meats there is very little left, and little stock here, and the receipts are trifling. Sales of Hams at 11@11½; Sides at 10@12c, and Shoulders at 8c ₱ lb, 6 days, now held at 10c. Lard—The demand has been limited, but prices are steadily maintained—sales of 150 bbls and tes at 11¾@12c, and kegs at 13c, on time—now held higher. Butter—Comes in slowly, and meets but a limited inquiry. Sales of solid packed at 14@16c; shipping packed at 10c, and Roll at 18@20c ₱ lb, cash.

BARK—There is little or no Quercitron Bark coming forward, and No 1 is wanted. Sales of 60 hhds at $35 ₱ ton. The receipts of Tanner's Bark are increasing. A sale of Spanish Oak (new) at $18 ₱ cord, and 25 cords do on terms not made public.

BEESWAX—Is held firmly at 28c ₱ lb, cash, for good Yellow, with limited sales.

CANDLES—The demand has been limited, but Sperm are held firmly at 42c, and Adamantine at 24c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—The receipts both by canal and railroad have somewhat increased, but the demand has been quite moderate and prices remain without change. Colliers are in good supply. Lump Coal is dull at 9½c.

COFFEE—The stock has been increased since our last notice by the arrival of 2900 bags Rio. The market has been dull, and for the lower grades prices are hard y sustained. Sales of 1600 bags Rio at 10½@11c, and some Laguayra at 12½ ₱ lb, on time.

COPPER—The sales of English Sheathing Copper and Yellow Mellow have been unimportant, and prices of the latter are somewhat unsettled.

COTTON—The market continues in a state of inactivity and prices have again fallen off 1c ₱ lb, notwithstanding the limited amount coming forward and reduced stocks on hand. At the close, however, there was a better feeling. Sales of 200 bales—chiefly Uplands—at 10½@10¾c ₱ lb, on time, for low grades and middling fair quality.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a steady demand for Soda Ash at 3½@3¾c ₱ lb, 6 mos. Sales of Honduras Cochineal at $1,35@1,22; Acetate of Lime at 5c; Catch at 2½c; Camphor at 2c, and Lac Dye at 5½@6c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—Are but little inquired after. Small sales of crop Western at 35@36c ₱ lb, on time.

FISH—Supplies of Mackerel come forward slowly. The continue in fair demand, and prices are well maintained. Sales in lots from store at $20@23,50 ₱ bbl for large No 1's; $14 for medium do; $12 for medium No 2's, and $11 for medium No 3's. 85 bbls of Pickled Herring at $3,75@4 ₱ bbl, now held at the latter figure; and Codfish at $3,25@3,50.

FRUIT—There have been Palermo and Messina Lemons and Oranges arrived this week, which are selling from $4 to $5,25 ₱ box, as to quality. Dried Apples are selling at 1@1½c, and unpared Peaches at 11@12c ₱ lb. Green Apples and Cranberries are very scarce.

GINSENG—There have been no transactions either in Crude or Clarified, and prices are entirely nominal.

GRAIN—The demand continues quite good and prices are firm at 80@85 ₱ bus, cash, for Penn. and $1@1,05 for Columbian; Super Phos. of Lime commands $45, cash.

HEMP—Continues quiet, owing to the want of stock to operate in.

HIDES—Continue dull, and prices rather favor buyers.

HOPS—There is a steady demand, and further sales have been made at 7@11c ₱ lb, for Eastern and 11@12c for Western.

INDIGO—There has been a moderate inquiry, and prices are very firm. Sales of 15 chests Bengal at $1,40@1,52 ₱ lb, six months.

IRON—There has been very little doing in any description. The market for Pig Metal has been very dull, but prices remain without change. The only transactions reported are in small lots at $25, $25, and $23 for the three numbers. There is little or no Scotch Pig here. Prices of Blooms, Bars, and Boiler Iron remain without change.

LEAD—The stock is extremely light and no sales of Galena have come under our notice. 600 pgs Virginia sold on private terms.

LEATHER—Continues dull, but prices have undergone no material change.

LUMBER—Supplies continue to come forward freely, and there is a fair trade doing. Yellow Pine Boards sell from $15 to $18 ₱ M feet. Scantling sells at 38@39. Lath commands $1,25.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet, but prices are unchanged. Small sales of Muscovado at 23c, and 30 hhds of Trinidad on terms not made public.

NAVAL STORES—For Rosin rather better prices are being realized. Small sales of Common at $1,85@1,90 ₱ bbl, and Soap from $2,80 to $4. Prices of Tar and Pitch are unchanged. Spirits of Turpentine has been in rather better request, and prices are 2c higher. Sales at 50@51c, cash, and 53@54c, on time.

OILS—Linseed Oil is advancing, and sales are making at 76@77c cash. The stock of Lard Oil continues extremely small. Sales at 81, 5 4 mos, for Winter, and $1,10 for Spring. A sale of Crude Whale was made at 70c, on time. Sperm is neglected.

PLASTER—Has been in good request, with but little offering. Sales of three cargoes of Soft at $3,50 ₱ ton.

RICE—There has been rather more inquiry, but prices are unchanged; sales of 150 casks at 4¾@5c ₱ lb on time.

SEEDS—There is a fair inquiry for Clover seed, and but little coming forward; sales of 200 bushels in small lots, at 6@6¼c ₱ lb. Timothy sells slowly at $3@3,25; and Flaxseed at $1,90 ₱ bushel.

SUGAR—Prices are steady for all descriptions. Sales of 500 hhds Cuba at 10¾@11c, six mos.

SPIRITS—The sales of Brandy and Gin have been limited, but without change in prices. Sales New England Rum, in bond, at 30c. The demand has been steady demanded, at the advance noted last week. Sales of bbls at 30c.

SUGAR—The receipts have materially fallen off. The market continues quiet, the trade pending off for a concession in prices, which holders are unwilling to accede to; sales of 500 hhds Cuba at 10¾@10¾c ₱ lb, on time.

TALLOW—The demand continues quite limited, but prices are steady at 10@10½c ₱ lb, cash, for country and city rendered.

TEAS—There is a good trade doing in both Black and Green, and the tendency of prices is upwards.

TOBACCO—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the sales have been limited to small lots for home consumption.

WINES—The sales have been only in small lots.

WOOL—The market continues quiet, and no great deal of activity is anticipated until the shearing season is over. Among the sales we noticed 30,000 lbs low and ¼ blood fleeces, from Maine ₱ lb, 6 mos.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL, No. 72 Dock Street.

MEATS.			
Beef.		Whole carcass	8 @
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	18 @20	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	16 @20	Fore quarter ₱ lb	
Rump do	12½@16	Hind do	
Chuck pieces	6 @12½	Chop	
Plates and navels		Cutlet	
Corned	6 @10	Sweetbread, each	
Tongues, fresh,	45 @55	*Pork.*	
Leg, cash,	11½@12½	Young Pigs	81 25

ALUM IN BREAD.

If we were always to call things by their right names—"a spade a spade, and not a handspike," —bread, as at present manufactured, should be called the "bane of life," rather than the "staff." It has often been our pain to call the attention of our readers to the deplorable facts connected with the adulteration of food, and we are again attracted to the subject by reading the following letter from Dr. Septimus Gibbon, an English Medical Officer of Health to the Holborn Board of Works, and addressed to the Commissioners. The district referred to, it must be observed, abounds with the very poor, who, of course, are tempted to the shops where they can get most for their circumscribed means; and this, combined with their ignorance of the laws of health, makes them obtuse and regardless of the quality of their food. No one knows this better than the shopkeepers of these benighted districts; and their poor customers are compelled to cry content with any vile compound they may please to serve out to them:

"Of all manufactured articles of diet," remarks Dr. Gibbon, "bread is the most important; consequently it has claimed my earnest attention. On analyzing numerous samples of that article purchased of different bakers in the district, I have generally found them more or less adulterated with alum; in other respects the article has proved good and wholesome. Notwithstanding that the law (37th George III.) prohibits, under a penalty, the use of alum in the manufacture of bread, it is admitted, even by bakers themselves, to be so used under the name of 'stuff.' I am satisfied that this sophistication has been practised with the most innocent intentions. The bakers believe the portion of alum mixed with the bread to be quite harmless; to a certain extent it is a commercial fraud, though it is a great convenience in the manufacture, and improves the quality of the bread in certain respects which the public appear to value. If it be perfectly harmless I conceive we have no right whatever to interfere in the matter. However, it is my deliberate opinion that, although alum is not a poison, yet that its use in the manufacture of bread is injurious to health, and concurs indirectly with other things in increasing the mortality, especially of young children, the staple article of whose dietary is bread.

"THE MEDICINAL EFFECT OF ALUM

is to confine the bowels. It is also well known that small doses of alum repeated for a considerable time will produce at first costiveness, afterwards great irregularity of the bowels—that is to say, alternations of costiveness and looseness, and at length continued looseness with ulceration. The quantity of alum which I have generally met with in bread has been in the proportion of from half a drachm to one drachm in the 4 pound loaf; so that the man who consumes half a loaf a-day swallows every 24 hours from 15 to 30 grains of alum. Now, it is found that even 2 grains per diem, taken by a healthy adult, will produce constipation.

"ITS EFFECTS ON CHILDREN

would, of course, be greater that on adults; a smaller quantity would suffice to produce the diarrhœa and dysenteric symptoms, and they would appear sooner. Alum enters into chemical combination with the gluten of the flour, therefore I admit that its effects in bread are less active and injurious than when administered in a pure state. I have little hesitation, however, in assigning this impurity in the bread as the chief cause of the frequent constipations, headaches, liver derangements, &c., of those who are dependent on bakers for their bread. The fatal diarrhœa of infants under three years of age may have arisen from, or have been aggravated, this cause.

"MEASURES FOR ITS SUPPRESSION.

I would suggest that all bakers in the district should be cautioned against it. If any flagrant case occurs where the injury to health is clearly to be made out, I shall feel it to be my duty to advise the Board to take the necessary proceedings to prevent its recurrence.

When the bakers are duly informed of this opinion, I am in hopes that they will of their own accord cease to use alum in making bread. The bakers' plea, at present, is that it is harmless, that the public 'like it,' and 'will have it,' that the more effectually to put down an adulteration which is injurious to health, the public on their part, should cease to set so high a value on those qualities in a loaf which alum is used to produce.

"HOW TO DISTINGUISH A LOAF THAT CONTAINS ALUM FROM ONE THAT DOES NOT.

Alum increases the whiteness and firmness of bread made from inferior flour, and thereby makes it to resemble bread made from the very best flour. The qualities which alum imparts to loaf are very unimportant, having reference only to the appearance, 'lightness,' neatness of shape, &c.

The chemical action of alum on moistened flour is analogous to tanning, and destroys in a considerable degree its nutritiveness. It contracts the gluten (the most nutritious portion) of the flour into a kind of tough tenacious 'wash leather,' which is difficult of digestion. This gives the dough a tenacity and firmness, enabling it to retain the thousand little air bubbles given off by the yeast) which constitutes the lightness' or spongy porous character of the bread. Hence, flour that will not 'rise' may be made to do so by means of alum. Another object in the use of alum is, that it preserves the right form of the loaves and prevents them from adhering firmly together, thereby enabling the baker to separate them more readily on their removal from the oven—the 'batch parts clean,' the expression is, without tearing. An unalumed loaf is, with a little practice, distinguishable from an alumed one by its appearance alone; there is wanting in all those peculiarities which I have mentioned as the effects of alum; it is not bulky, nor so symmetrical in its shape, its sides are roughened and torn in being separated from the batch. Unalumed bread 'bites short;' and bread 'bites tough,' and the rough, sour taste of alum is slightly perceptible in it. The marked contrast, however, is apparent in 'crumbling,' when a day or two old; unalumed bread crumbles with the greatest facility by rubbing it between the hands, whereas alumed bread, even old, 'crumbles' with difficulty. In the same way alum renders the new loaf less liable to scale when cut.

These, then, are the qualities and appearances by which I recommend the purchaser to regard. I am not prepared to say that these tests can be fully relied on as tests for the presence of alum; chemical tests alone can justify me in declaring positively that a loaf of bread contains alum."

He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived but lost.

SINGULAR QUALITIES OF THE SPERM WHALE.—Sperm whales are of the polygamy class, and are not mated, or go in pairs, as is the case with the right whale. They are of a chocolate color, and when undisturbed, are found in large "schools," which are generally cow whales protected on the outskirts, about two miles off, by two or three enormous male whales, called "old sogers."—These sail in among the school alternately, at railroad speed, and sometimes meet with queer receptions from harpoons lying in wait for them.—It is said there are some of these old sogers which are a dread to all whalemen, and which are shunned on the least suspicion. The tonnage of a grown whale is enormous. When a carcass of one is disposed to sink, no cable of iron or rope has ever been known to sustain it. When harpooned and not badly hurt, they settle down generally about one thousand fathoms before they move off or rise to the surface, hence all the lines of the boat are required for paying out.—The head of a large sperm whale will weigh about 35 tons, and 45 barrels of pure spermaceti have been taken from his *case*, which is a mere vein in his head compared with the remaining part, which consists of four-fifths of the head, and is called "white horse"—a sinewy gristle, which is impenetrable to a sharp axe. Large copper bolts have been found imbedded in the heads of some of them, caused by their attacks and destruction of vessels on the bottom of the sea.

TREASURE TROVE.—Mr. Benjamin S. Dey, of Currituck County, North Carolina, while ploughing in his field, a few days ago, dug up a pile of old Spanish gold and silver coin to the amount of about six thousand dollars. It is supposed to have been buried during the Revolution, and the accident that led to the discovery was most singular. It appears that an old pine tree had fallen near the fence of Mr. D.'s farm, and the branches stuck in the spot where the money was found. As the tree was an obstruction to those engaged in ploughing, it was raised from its position, when it was discovered that the old branch had several pieces of the coin sticking to it.—They then went to work and dug down to the depth of four feet, when they were startled by the discovery of this large amount of money.—This we assure our readers is no hoax; and it rather gives credence to the tradition that there was money deposited on that part of the coast by Blackbeard the pirate.—*Norfolk Herald.*

CHICKENS AND BLACKBIRDS.—The Somerset (Pennsylvania) Democrat says that some time last fall a blackbird came to Mr. Joseph Snyder's, in that borough, and has since lived contentedly with the chickens. It has become thoroughly domesticated, and comes regularly for its food. Instead of roosting as the chickens do, it takes a position on the rooster's back, who bears the weight of his little friend with great good nature. But the most singular of all is, that it has learned to crow like a cock, and crows more regularly, more frequently than the rooster, and seems to be vain of its accomplishments. It is a *bona fide* crow, clear and loud, similar to that of a young rooster. The bird can be seen and heard daily, and if any one doubts its truth, they can be convinced by seeing and hearing for themselves.—The age is progressive, and the birds are keeping up with the times.

A CONTINENTAL STORY.—The "Indicateur" of Bordeaux has the following strange story:

"A woman employed as housekeeper at the Chateau of Ludon, near this city, recently inherited a sum of £600. A peasant employed to take care of the grounds of the Chateau, hearing of her good fortune, determined to possess himself of the money. Accordingly a few nights ago—the owner of the Chateau and all his servants being absent—he got the woman on some pretext to visit him at a room which he occupied in one of the dependencies of the Chateau. After a while he locked the door, and with the most dreadful threats declared he would murder her, unless she would at once give the £600. The woman being seriously alarmed, took him to her chamber and gave him the money. The man then declared that he must murder her, to prevent her from accusing him, and he summoned her to say what kind of death she would prefer. The poor woman prayed for mercy, but he peremptorily told her she must either die by the rope or the knife, and she at last selected hanging. The man then tied her hands behind her back, and fastened her to the bedstead; he afterwards mounted on a chair to fix a rope to a beam, and made a running noose at the end. Having duly fastened the rope, he put his arm in the noose, to see that the latter would slip well; at that moment the woman, with great presence of mind, gave a violent kick to the chair, which fell, and the man remained suspended by the arm. He roared for help, and the woman cried out 'Murder,' but there was no one except themselves in the Chateau or its dependencies, and they were not heard. They accordingly remained in their respective positions, the man suffering dreadful agony, until the morning, when their cries attracted the attention of some laborers. Those men, on hearing the woman's story, released her, but left the man suspended until they could summon a magistrate. This functionary had the man cut down, and after receiving the woman's deposition, caused him to be sent to prison in this city, to await his trial for the robbery."

BOOK-BURNING IN FRANCE.—Father Archange, a Capuchin monk, one of a body of itinerant Capuchins who have lately invaded the town of Grasse, in the department of the Var, delivered on the evening of Maundy Thursday a furious invective against philosophers and romance writers, concluding by calling upon his hearers, as they valued their eternal salvation, to deliver up to the parish priest, within twenty-four hours, all books, pamphlets, journals, and printed papers whatsoever, not approved of by the bishop, which might be in their possession. Pursuant to this mandate a large proportion of the population of the town went by night to the church door, and there, through an aperture provided by the cure, fortively threw down their sinful literature. On the following day a large pile, such as was in bygone days used to burn witches, was erected in the centre of the Market Place. At 9 o'clock in the evening the clergy, in full canonicals, advanced towards it, and on its being kindled, cast into the flames Lamartine's "Jocelyn," "La Chute d'un Ange," by the same author; a set of Thiers's French Revolution; the novels of Balzac, Dumas, and Eugene Sue; Merimee's "Colombe;" a few volumes of Michelet's works; "La Religion Naturelle" of M. Jules Simon; and an immense number of plays, vaudevilles, and melodramas. While this was going on the priests intoned the "Parce Domine!"

REVOLVING LIGHTS FOR RAILWAYS.—A useful invention has been introduced in England, as some of the principal railways. Two lights, one red and the other white, are fixed to an arm at a certain distance from each other, and at a certain angle, and are connected with the axle of one of the wheels of the last carriage of each night train, and caused to revolve by the motion of the train. The speed at which they turn will be governed by the speed of the train, which it will also indicate to warn and guide the drivers of trains coming after. The present lights on railway carriages can, at a distance, be scarcely distinguished from fixed lights, and it is impossible at times to guess, until a collision is imminent, whether the light seen ahead is the one attached to the first or the last carriage of a train, and consequently whether the train with such a light is coming or going from another. To obviate this inconvenience and danger, the revolving lights have been found very effectual.

ONE OF THE WILLS.—There is a young, healthy, handsome widow in this city, who has an income of $15,000 a year, and who wants to marry a man who has not the slightest objection to a union. But her late husband left a will giving all his property to a collateral relative, if his widow should wed a second husband. We understand the widow has offered $10,000 a year out of her income of $15,000 to have the condition cancelled, but the party to whom the property would revert is incorrable. We know of several cases similar to the one alluded to.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

NEWS ITEMS.

WE have accounts of great suffering from want of food in Tennessee, north of Clinch Mountain, and in Northern Michigan. The cause is probably the protracted cold weather.

A REMARKABLE feature in the late Irish elections, is the change in the number of Protestant and Roman Catholic members. In the last Parliament there were 61 Protestants and 41 Roman Catholics. There are now 71 Protestants and 31 Roman Catholics.

A LITTLE GIRL in London died recently from the effects of having swallowed a pin. The post mortem examination proved that she had died from an abscess in the throat occasioned by the pin; but the pin itself could not be discovered, so that it was supposed to have passed from her system after occasioning the fatal injury to the throat.

ON THE 20th ult., a Mexican woman of the capital was delivered of seven male children at one birth!

DIED FROM POISON USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF BRANDY.—Mr. Morris, of Toronto, a clerk engaged in the manufacture of brandy, was killed by drinking, by mistake, a small portion of a preparation, nearly allied to prussic acid, which had been procured in the regular course of the business. There is something very horrible in this. If such ingredients are mixed with manufactured liquors, and nearly all the liquors sold are doubtless manufactured, it is not strange that the use of spirituous liquors, always hurtful, has become of late so terribly destructive.—*Free. Jour.*

IT IS stated that the United States army for Utah Territory will concentrate on the Government reserve grounds, south of Salt Lake city, and await for further orders from our Government. It is also rumored that Brigham Young's army will be reinforced by hostile Indians.

WARNING TO TOBACCO CONSUMERS.—A correspondent, writing from Kentucky, informs the New York Post that "the hog pestilence has been traced to some droves that passed through a tobacco district on their way East." He also remarks, "that tobacconists are using prussic acid to give an almond flavor to the leaf, and, in consequence of this poison, a number of smokers have lost the use of their lower limbs."

ARISTOCRATIC SIMPLICITY AND REPUBLICAN GAUDINESS.—While Lord Napier, the English Minister, was busy at Washington, his lady sojourned at the Gilmore House, Baltimore. The fashionable circles were agitated by the presence of the wife of a live lord, and her ladyship received numerous calls and party invitations. The American ladies of fashion, elaborately and gaudily attired in flounces and jewels, were surprised to find the English lady in excessively plain dress, totally free from all display, glitter and nonsense. Not a single jewel was visible upon her person. The wife of Lord Napier, however, is a woman of high birth, who can trace her descent from a long line of illustrious ancestors. She is nevertheless remarkable, though born and educated in the heart of European refinement and civilization, for the plainness of her apparel, the simplicity of her manners, and the entire lack of ostentatious pretention. She administers a severe rebuke to the upstart, peacock vanity which distinguishes so many of our people.

THE PEARL HUNT.—The pearl muscle, as it is called, is found in the Schuylkill, and, indeed, in all the creeks, rivers and streams of this section of the country; but for the production of pearls, it is said to be indispensable that the water should be impregnated with some such mineral substances as iron, copper or lead. If this be so Pennsylvania ought to yield an inexhaustible supply of pearls, for her soil is incomparably rich in iron, and there are also mines of copper and lead in the interior.—It might be worth while for some of our rural folks to investigate the matter. There is no longer any doubt respecting the genuineness or value of the pearls found in the waters of New Jersey.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS IN BOSTON.—There are not far from twenty of them—and several are in excellent business. They confine themselves generally to midwifery and the diseases of their own sex. Their success in the former branch tends to establish them firmly in families. The number will probably be gradually on the increase, since they are beginning to be employed in the neighboring cities of Charlestown, Cambridge, Roxbury and adjacent towns, much more than formerly.—*Boston Medical World.*

STRANGE CASE OF FALSE PUNCTUATION.—

I saw a loafer with a flowing mane,
I saw a lion putting a pane,
I saw a glazier to an iron pot,
I saw a lobster reeling like a sot,
I saw a fat young man with snow-white hair,
I saw a rabbit two miles in the air,
I saw a lizzard drink a mug of beer,
I saw a Dutchman looking very queer,
But none of all these spectacles so rare,
Were half so strange, or made me so to stare
As when I first beheld my Uncle Bill's son
In a full suit by Rockhill and by Wilson.

The clothes came of course from the Brown Stone Clothing Hall, Nos. 603 and 605 (new style), Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philada.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov23-tf

MAMMOTH TENNESSEE DINNER.—The dinner table at the late railroad festival in Memphis was nearly three-quarters of a mile long, and had on it 3,000 plates and dishes. 2,500 lbs beef and mutton, 75 barrels, 50 pigs, 125 turkeys, 400 chickens, 150 beef tongues, 10 bbls potatoes, 10 bushels salad, 12 bbls ice-water, 500 lbs cake, besides raisins, almonds, oranges, &c. Some 15,000 or 20,000 persons partook of the dinner. Speeches were made, toasts drank, and the immense assemblage parted, with three cheers for Tennessee, and three more for Granville Stokes, whose beautiful Clothing Establishment is at 607 (late 209) Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

A VALUABLE TONIC.—We believe no medicine has ever given such astonishing proof of its efficacy as the Oxygenated Bitters. In cases of Dyspepsia and General Debility it acts in the most agreeable manner, restoring health and cheerfulness, when all other remedies have failed.

HAIR RESTORATOR.—Prof. Wood advertises in our columns his valuable medicine for restoring hair, and for the prevention of baldness, &c. This remedy has been used quite extensively, and with great success. Hundreds, now, (bona fide) will read it, and are willing to testify to its efficacy. Read the advertisement—go at once and procure a bottle, and prove its virtue. Our good old land headed bachelor friends should embrace this opportunity to cover their pates with a coat of rich, luxuriant hair.—*Indianapolis Locomotive.*
Sold by all Druggists.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-bit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct11-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.
PHILADELPHIA, MAY 23, 1857.

Pennsylvania.		**North Carolina.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis
Relief notes	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Lancaster bk	45 dis	**Georgia.**	
Erie City bk	25 dis	Old bks	½ dis
Bk of Newcastle	40 dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
New Jersey.		Bk Columbus	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Bk of Milledgville	no sale
Morris bk Bridgeton	25 dis	Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Wheat Grower's bk		Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
Newton	25 dis	**South Carolina.**	
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy	failed	Solv bks	¼ dis
Delaware.		**Alabama.**	
Solvent bks	par	Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Under $5's	¼ dis	Other solv bks	5 dis
Maryland.		**Mississippi.**	
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	All bks	uncertain
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	**Louisiana.**	
For & Mec bk Kent co	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
District of Columbia.		**Ohio.**	
Exchange bk	20 dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Bk of Circleville	55 dis
New York.		Canal bk	2 dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	**Kentucky.**	
6th Avenue bk	5 dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Knickerbocker bk	15 dis	**Indiana.**	
For bk Onondaga	25 dis	New solvent bks	2 dis
Mer & Man bk Oswego	30 dis	Scale bk	1 dis
Ex bk Hoffalo	30 dis	Shawnee bk, Attica	no sale
Empire City bk	½ dis	Commerce bk, Lafayette	"
Central bk	1½ dis	Other bks	5 to 90 dis
Champlain bk	no sale	**Illinois.**	
Maine.		Peoples bk, Carmi	20 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Roehville bk, Rushville	30 dis
Bk of Hallowell	20 dis	Solvent bks	2 dis
Ellsworth bk	80 dis	Agricultural bk	20 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	Amer Ex bk	20 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale	Bk Commonwealth	20 dis
Exchange bk	no sale	**Missouri.**	
Hancock bk	25 dis	Solv bks	1 dis
New Hampshire.		**Tennessee.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Bk of East Tenn	no sale
Lancaster bk	closed	River Bank	no sale
Exeter bk	failed	Solv bks	2 dis
Vermont.		Small notes	21 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Central bk	no sale
South Royalton bk	2 dis	Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale
Connecticut.		New bks	2 to 5 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Michigan.**	
Massachusetts.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Arkansas.**	
Rhode Island.		All bks	no sale
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Bk Reguh Providence	70 dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Canada.		**Texas.**	
Solv bks	2 dis	Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	5 dis
Zimmerman	5 dis		
Virginia.			
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis		
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis		
Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis		

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN W. THOMAS, to Miss SUSANNA CLAYTON, both of Maryland.
On the 14th instant, by the same, Mr. ALEXANDER DEWINGTON, of Maryland, to Miss ANNA LOUISA FORBES, of this city.
On the 26th of Feb. by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. GEORGE WOOD, to Miss ELMIRA MCKEOWN, both of this city.
In Moorestown, on the 19th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JACOB WINKLER, to Miss SARAH J. STOUT, both of Moorestown.
On the 14th of May, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. ROBERT M. HUNTER, to Miss LIZZIE MOYER, both of this city.
On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. THEODORE F. KEMMERER, to Miss IRENE D. COTTER.
On the 18th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JOHN E. WILSON, of Newark, Del. to Miss MAGGIE A. PRICE, of Delaware City.
On the 14th of May, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. DENNIS GARNEY, to Miss ANNA WATSON.
On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. WILLIAM DIX, to Miss ELIZABETH A. SLOAN, both of this city.
On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Doctor Blackwood, D. D., Mr. JOHN MCNEILL, to Miss BARBARA HUNTER, both of this city.
On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., JARVIS W. TINDALL, to LIZZIE, daughter of J. Wootten, Esq. both of this city.
On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH NORCROSS, to Miss IDA C. MEGINLEY, both of this city.
On the 7th instant, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. JOSEPH W. GAUNELL, to Miss MARTHA E. GAUNELL, both of York county, Pa.
On the 13th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN GOODWIN, to Miss SARAH MULLEN.
At Christ Church, on the 13th instant, by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, Mr. JAMES W. HURST, to Miss MARY F. WOODLAND, both of Kent county, Md.
On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, Mr. ELIAS HARRISON, of Newark, N. J. to Miss LIZZIE M. BUNEY, of this city.
On the 14th instant, by the Rev. James N. King, Mr. THEODORE MCDERMOTT, to Miss MARY T. JONES, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Departed this life in Philadelphia, on fourth-day morning, the 6th of May, LYDIA B. WOODWARD, formerly of Burlington county, N. J. in the 70th year of her age.

"He mourns the dead,
Who lives as they desire."

In Hudson, Wisconsin, on the 21st Feb. last, WARWICK M. TOMKINS, aged 31 years, son of Saml. Tomkins, of Valley, Chester county, Pa.
In Coatesville, May 16th, PATTIE M. wife of J. Lewis Potts, and daughter of Saml. Tomkins, aged 24 years.
On the 19th instant, SARAH ANN, wife of Geo. Matthews, in her 25th year.
On the 17th instant, Mrs. L. F. LINDE, aged 25 years.
On the 19th instant, Mr. WILLIAM KERR, aged 82 years.
On the 18th instant, FRANCIS W. son of Jos. W. and Ann L. Emery, aged 7 years.
On the 18th instant, Mrs. RACHEL ARMSTRONG, aged 70.
On the 19th instant, Mr. J. NEWTON DRAKE, aged 43.
On the 18th instant, MARY B. BAYNE, aged 13 years.
On the 19th instant, Mr. CHARLES S. MORISON, aged 54.
On the 19th instant, JAMES, son of John and Amelia Noble, aged 8 years.
On the 18th instant, CORMAC DORAN, aged 55 years.
On the 19th instant, Mrs. MARYNA A. AVERY, aged 25.
On the 19th instant, THOMAS GIBSON, aged 32 years.
On the 18th instant, Miss MARY WOOLSEY, aged 18 years.
On the 18th instant, at Whitemarsh, Montgomery county, Pa. Mrs. CAROLINE, wife of Wm. A. Yeakle, aged 32 years.
On the 17th instant, Mr. WILLIAM LEONARD, aged 56.
In Manayunk, on the 15th instant, STUART ROBINSON, aged 55 years.
On the 16th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH STEINMETZ, aged 76 years.
On the 16th instant, JOHNSON WHITEHEAD, son of Stephen and Catherine Williams, aged 3 years.
On the 17th instant, JOHN WATERMAN, aged 78 years.
On the 16th instant, CHARLES DELANEY, aged 9 years.
On the 15th instant, MINIE, wife of William H. Gardner, aged 31 years.
On the 16th instant, ANN E. MOORE, aged 18 years.
On the 15th instant, JOHN ELVEY, aged 16 years and 3 months.
On the 15th instant, Mrs. HENRIETTA M. SHEWELL, aged 19 years.
On the 16th instant, ANNA K. KNIGHT.
On the 15th instant, LUCY, wife of John Phillips, aged 35.
On the 13th instant, THOMAS HARRY, aged 56 years.
In Germantown, on the 18th instant, JOSEPH CRANSON, aged 74 years.
On the 19th instant, THOMAS WILSON, aged 41 years.

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READING ONE'S OWN OBITUARY.

The tenure of the Major-Generalship of Massachusetts, like that of a good many other offices in that ancient Commonwealth, is for life or during good behavior. The Boston Transcript says that one of them lived so long that a wicked wag, at his reported death, gave, as a sentiment at a public dinner: "The memory of our late Major-General—may he be *eternally* rewarded in heaven for his *everlasting* services on earth." Judge of the surprise of the author of this toast, on learning, the next day, that the report was false, and the veteran officer still alive.

This reminds us of an occurrence that took place in the same State some years ago. In the days of old Mycall, the publisher of the Newburyport Herald, (a journal still alive and flourishing,) the sheriff of old Essex, Philip Bagley, had been asked several times to pay up his arrears of subscription. At last he one day told Mycall that he would certainly "hand over" the next morning as sure as he lived. "If you don't get your money to-morrow, you may be sure I am dead," said he.

The morrow came and passed, but no money. Judge of the sheriff's feelings when, on the morning of the day after, he opened his Herald, and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex; with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault very much to be deplored: he was not punctual in paying the printer.

Bagley, without waiting for breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more? Full of perturbation he entered the printing office, to deny that he was dead, *in propria personæ*.

"Why, Sheriff!" exclaimed the facetious editor, "I thought you were defunct!"

"Defunct!" exclaimed the Sheriff. "What put that idea into your head?"

"Why, yourself!" said Mycall. "Did you not tell me—"

"Oh! ah! yes! I see!" stammered out the Sheriff. "Well! there's your money! And now contradict the report in the next paper, if you please."

"That's not necessary, friend Bagley," said the old joker; "*it was only printed in your copy!*"

The good Sheriff lived many years after this "sell," and to the day of his real death always took good care to *pay the printer!*—*New Orleans Picayune.*

JONATHAN AND HIS BRIDE AT A FASHIONABLE HOTEL.—At one of our fashionable hotels, the other day, among the arrivals was one of the *genus* verdant—a regular no-mistake Jonathan—with eyes wide open at the novelties he met at every turn. He had brought with him his better-half, a strapping, flaxen-haired lass, bedecked with a profusion of ribbons and cheap jewelry. They had evidently "come down" to spend the honey moon, and Jonathan had, no doubt "darned the expense."

The first morning after their arrival, the servant was thrown into hysterics by a verdant mistake. Jonathan's bell *rung furiously*, and he demanded to see the landlord. That functionary having made his appearance, he was hailed with—

"How are you—how de do, old feller? Me and Patience find all right here—room fixed up first *rate*—gives a feller a high falutin feeling; but I say, old hoss, we want a wash-bowl and towel, to take off the dust outside—then I'll come down and take a little New England with you."

"Here are all the conveniences for washing, sir," said the landlord, stepping to a mahogany wash sink and raising the lid.

"Gosh all Potomac!" exclaimed our Yankee, "who'd ever thought of that 'are table's openin' on top that way!

Nothing further occurred until the hour for breakfast, when the verdant couple were seated at the table, and Jonathan having burnt his throat by drinking his coffee too hot, and attempted to help himself to an omelete with his fingers, finally had his attention attracted to some fish balls, which are, as everybody knows, fish and potatoes minced together, rolled into balls about as large as an ordinary sized apple, and cooked brown.

Having procured the dish that contained them, by means of a servant, he helped himself and partner to one each, and grasping the precious morsel firmly in hand, Jonathan, opening his capacious jaws, took a bite from his, when suddenly he disgorged the morsel, with an expression of much disappointment, and turning to his bride exclaimed—

"I swow, Patience, these doughnuts are nothin but codfish and taters!"

SMART BUTTER.—Why is it, my son," asked a mother of a ten year old, one day, "why is it, that when you let your bread and butter drop, that it is always with the butter side down?"

"I don't know; it hadn't oughter, had it? The strongest side ought to be uppermost, hadn't it, ma? and this is the strongest butter I ever seed in my life."

"Hush up! It's some of your aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it? Why the great lazy thing."

"What, what, your aunt?"

"No, this yere butter. To make that poor woman churn it; it's strong and rank enough to churn itself."

"Be still, Ziba; it only wants working over."

"Well, marm, if I was you, when I did it, I'd put in lots of 'lasses."

"You good-for-nothing fellow; I've ate a great deal worse in the most aristocratic New York boarding-houses."

"Well, all great people of rank ought to eat it."

"*Why*, people of rank?"

"Cause it's rank butter!"

"You varmint, you. What makes you talk so smart?"

"The butter is taking the skin off my tongue, mother."

"Ziba, don't lie. I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with it, marm; I'll keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over and die as soon as they touch it."

"Ziba, don't exaggerate; go to the store and buy a pound of fresh."

Exit Ziba.

THE FAULTS POMPEY COULDN'T REMEMBER.

A good clergyman wishing to be rid of his horse, and to try for a better one, directed his old negro man to sell his beast for what he would fetch, or to exchange him for another, adding, at the same time, an anxious caution not to deceive the purchaser, and even enumerating the faults of the animal, lest one should be overlooked.

"Remember, Pompey, he has four faults."

"Oh, yes, massa, I take care."

Pompey, jogging along the road, and conning over the list to himself, as the old lady did her luggage, "Big box, little box, band-box, bundle," was overtaken by a man on horseback, who entered into conversation, and, among other topics, made some inquiries about the horse.

Pompey told his story, said that his master had charged him to tell the horse's faults to the purchaser without reservation.

"Well, what are they?" said the stranger, who had a mind for a swap.

"Dere is four, massa," said Pompey, "and I don't remember 'em all very well just now, but—"

"Well, tell me those you do remember," said the other.

"Well, sah, one is dat de horse is white, and the white hairs get on massa's coat, and dat don't look well for a clergyman."

"And the next?"

"Why, when he comes to a brook he will put his nose down and blow in the water, and massa don't like dat."

"What next?"

"I can't any how remember de oders," said Pompey, peering up into the clouds with one eye, reflectingly.

The stranger concluded to strike a bargain and exchange his own horse, which had not quite so genteel an air as the parson's, for this nearly unexceptionable animal. It was not long before the clerical steed stumbled, and threw his rider into a ditch. Picking himself up as well as he could, he examined his new purchase a little more closely, and discovered that the horse was entirely blind.

Finding Pompey again without much difficulty, his wrath burst forth in a torrent of reproaches.

"You black rascal! what does this mean?—This horse is broken kneed, and as blind as a mole!"

"Oh, yes, massa," said Pompey, blandly, "dem's de oder two faults dat I couldn't remember!"

BE SURE OF YOUR SWEETHEART'S NAME.—If you do not wish to have a bustling, fly-about wife, you should not marry one named Jenny, for every cotton-spinner knows that *jennies* are always on the go. If you marry one named Margaret, you may fear for the manner in which she will end her days; for all the world knows that "Pegs" were made for hanging. The most incessant writer in the world is he who is always bound to Ad-a-line. You may adore your wife, but you will be surpassed in love when your wife is a Dora. Many men of high moral principles, and who would not gamble for the world, still have not refused to take a Bet. We have heard of a Mr. Rose who, in a fit of ecstatic delight over his small addition to his weekly expenses, insisted on having the child named "Wild." It was, doubtless, a very pretty conceit, and as she expanded into womanhood, with the glowing vermeil of youthful beauty on her cheeks and clustering ringlets of glossy auburn playing about her neck, and her slender form moving as gracefully as a river-reed in a southern wind, those who gazed on her dwelt with admiring approval on her happy name of "Wild Rose;" but alas! and alack-a-day! at some fatal polka party she danced with a gentleman who enjoyed the patronymic which typifies the "people's" representative of Old England, and within six months she had to sign all sentimental, affectionate, and polite missives with "Wild Bull." Oh, "what a falling off was there!"

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.—A horse dealer in Edinburgh, having hired a horse to a writer (attorney,) the latter, either through bad usage or some other cause, killed the horse; when the hirer insisted upon payment by bill, if it was not convenient to pay cash. The writer had no objection to grant the bill, but said it must be at a long date. The hirer desired him to fix his time, when the writer drew a promissory note, making it payable at the day of judgment. An action was raised, when the writer desired the presiding judge to look at the bill. Having done so, the judge replied, "The bill is perfectly good, and, as this is the day of judgment, I decree that you pay to-morrow."

THE MOST POWERFUL OF MAGNETS.—A celebrated lecturer on natural philosophy was one evening dilating upon the powers of the magnet—defying any one to name or show anything surpassing its powers. An old gentleman accepted the challenge, much to the lecturer's surprise; but he nevertheless invited him on to the platform, when he told the lecturer that woman was the magnet of magnets—for if the loadstone on the table could attract a piece of iron for a foot or two, there was a young woman who, when he was a young man, used to attract him *thirteen miles every Sunday to have a chat with her!*

GALLANT TO THE LAST.—A correspondent of the Evening Post, writing on the "Woman Question," says: "I confess, in all sincerity, that I have never yet seen an ugly woman. This may appear paradoxical, and still it is the pure truth. I never find any woman entirely ugly. I enlarged upon this idea once before an audience of women. One who was extremely flat nosed said to me:—'Sir, I defy you *not* to find me ugly.' 'You, madame,' I replied, 'are an angel fallen from heaven, only you have fallen on your nose.' Probably she did not believe me, and has maintained against the whole world that she is ugly."

CONSOLATION IN GRIEF.—A very covetous man, lost his only son James. The minister came to comfort him, and remarked that such chastisements of Providence were mercies in disguise; that although in the death of his son he had suffered a severe and irreparable misfortune, yet undoubtedly his own reflections had suggested some sources of consolation. "Yes," exclaimed the weeping but still provident father, "Jim was a *monstrous eater!*"

A BEDBUG'S PETITION.—A man named AARON Bedbug, of Montgomery county, Ky., intends petitioning the Legislature to change his name. He says that his sweetheart, whose name is Olivia, is unwilling that he should be called A. Bedbug, she O. Bedbug, and the little ones little Bedbugs.

DESIGN FOR A RUSTIC SUMMER-HOUSE.

We do not purpose writing an essay on the subject of the accompanying sketch, and a few words will be sufficient as to the best mode of working it out.

Where would you place such a structure? In some half secluded spot; not where it will be hidden utterly, but where it will give character to a scene made up of sloping sward and shrubby leafiness. It should form the key to the particular scene in which it is placed; and for that purpose, must be slightly elevated on a mound, and visible from one or two good points of view; but must on no account obtrude itself on the eye in connection with statues, or architectural ornaments of any kind. Such rustic work as this does well in the retired portions of the ground, but is out of place in connection with terraces and Italian gardens.

In constructing such a bower, rough unbarked timber is the best; and the lattice-work should be selected, if possible, from the loppings of old apple-trees, and should be barked and varnished, so as to stand out brightly among the darker portions of unbarked timber. Oak is very much used for rustic work on account of its gnarled outlines; but it is the least durable of any timber for such purposes; the sun shrivels and splits it, and the rain swells off the bark. Yew, larch, birch, apple, and acacia, are the best kinds of wood for every sort of rustic work; the robinia, or false acacia, especially, for it never parts with its bark, and is the most durable of wood when exposed to the weather.

In the ornamentation of such a structure, a due admixture of the smaller loppings from apple-trees will produce pretty effects, on account of their light clean color. They should be sawed up into proper lengths, and then steeped in boiling-water to loosen the bark; then well dried, worked into their places, and varnished. Against the more massive portions of the building they contrast very prettily.

In the design, the portico is open up to the pitch of the roof, and this is an important matter. If a summer-house is built with a close roof and pediment, the heat of the sun will convert it into an oven; and it will be impossible to remain in it more than a few minutes during the hotter part of the day. But if there is an open space immediately beneath the roof for a circulation of air, the roof itself will get less heated, and there will be no shutting in of a stifling atmosphere, which is the case with nine tenths of the structures called summer houses made by carpenters unblessed with rustic tastes. Either bark or thatch may be used for the roof; and a camera obscura fitted in the dome will increase the attractions of the retreat. Rootwork, rockeries, ferneries, and water-scenery, associate well with all kinds of rustic structures; but they should never be placed in clean open spots of grass and flowers; they must be backed by shrubs and trees to look appropriate, and to be really useful.

To varnish rustic woodwork, proceed as follows—Wash the woodwork with soap and water; and when dry, wash it again with boiled linseed oil, choosing a hot, sunny day for the operation. A few days after, varnish it twice with "hard varnish," and it will last for years. To give a dark oak color to rough wood, another plan may be adopted. Take a quart of linseed oil and two ounces of asphaltum, and boil over a slow fire till the asphaltum is dissolved, stirring the while. This is not sticky and lasts for years. As the ingredients are terribly inflammable, the boiling had better be done out of doors.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

Agricultural.

HOW TO GET FRUIT TREES TO YOUR LIKING.—In October or November, says the New England Farmer, take a branch of an apple or pear tree, such as suits your taste, take off down to the third year's growth, cut it smooth and rub it on a red hot iron so as to scorch and shut the pores of the wood thoroughly; then bury in the ground all but the last year's growth. If placed in good ground well taken care of, you will have fruit in five or six years. I have sometimes dipped the lower end in melted rosin, but yet think burning preferable. I have a tree near my door that is nine feet high and well proportioned that I took from a graft four years ago; to this, rosin was applied, and whatever sprouts sprang up the next summer were bent down and became roots. We can get fruit considerably quicker in this way than from seeds, and we know what we have growing, and when grown the whole tree is of the same kind, and whatever sprouts comes from the roots in after years can be transplanted without grafting. In cases of drought the first year, they should be watered.

GRAPES.—Place a bone in the earth, near the root of a grape, and the vine will send out a leading root directly to the bone. In its passage it will throw out no fibres—but when it reaches the bone, the root will entirely cover it with the most delicate fibres, like lace, each one seeking a pore of the bone. On this bone, the vine will continue to feed as long as any nutriment remains to be exhausted.

PLANTING TREES.

No man should undertake to plant a tree unless he has judgment enough to know the character of the tree he desires to move; some have roots similar to a sponge, and contain water enough in store to subsist on till the proper fibres are grown to sustain them; such, for instance, as that curse of our country, the Allanthus, (which is a greater nuisance than the Canada Thistle, and never could be sold until the importer called it the Tree of Heaven, and raised the price from one shilling to one dollar each, by which scheme he made in one year $6,000,) the Paulonia, Imperialis, Willow, Catalpa, and half a dozen Poplars.

A dozen maples, half a dozen evergreens, the ash and horse chestnut roots, are very thick and fleshy, and contain considerable moisture, enough, in fact, to sustain them through much dry weather, after being removed, and therefore do not suffer half as much as the beech, birch, oaks and hickories, the roots of which are not well supplied with fibres. The generality of trees should be planted in the fall, immediately after the leaf falls; this gives them several months before the ground becomes thoroughly frozen to form rootlets, and prepare them to undergo the vicissitudes of a changeable spring.

I planted last fall some 10,000 trees, and with the exception of the locust, and a few evergreens, consider the fall the only safe season, because the root has an opportunity of fixing itself permanently in the earth, through the medium of its numerous ramifications, and thus forming at its extremities spongelets to absorb the necessary fluids, as these become the only true roots to supply the tree with nourishment. There are in roots two fluids of different densities, the one flows inwardly, and is called endosmose; the other outwardly, and is called exosmose; the fluid in the interior of the root is rendered dense, by mixing with the descending sap, and as long as this difference exists, the roots absorb fluids; this may be proved by growing plants in water, when it will be found that a gummy matter is discharged, impregnating the water with a taste peculiar to the plant; therefore, if the planter desires his plants to continue in a healthy state, he must maintain the conditions of exosmose and endosmose.

As we scarcely see in nature a large number of the same variety of forest trees growing together, except perhaps pines and hemlocks; therefore, when we plant it would be well to follow nature, and plant varieties; deciduous trees always succeed better when planted among firs; pine leaves, pound for pound, yield thirteen times more ashes than pine wood: the annual fall of these leaves give alkalies to the land, a source of fruitfulness advantageous to deciduous trees.

Why do pine trees succeed oaks and beech pine? The soil must be rendered by a growth of pines uncongenial for a second growth: but congenial for another, or else the labors of man cause it. I have found that nature protects trees in exposed situations, first by allowing them three times the quantities of roots that would be necessary in the forest: second by clothing them with many more branches, and they so formed as to balance the tree perfectly: thirdly, their stems are shorter, and consequently stouter: and fourthly, the bark is much thicker. Nature remembers, and man should do the same, that the trees, as well as animals, are organized beings.

We know that in nature there are two great kingdoms, the vegetable and animal: the distinctions between which are daily disappearing, as nearly all the organic matters which were supposed to distinguish the vegetable from the animal, have been discovered in both, and motion even no longer separates the two.

You often hear persons say that it is difficult to make tap rooted trees live, because in taking them up, the tap root is necessarily cut off. This is an error that cannot be supported by my experience. The tap root is only of advantage during the infancy of the tree, and at mature age cannot be discerned from the other roots. It is only those who are unacquainted with the physiognomy of plants that meet with bad success in planting. Trees must be adapted to their proper soil, and appropriate climate, or the efforts of nature will be counteracted. Plants should always be headed down when two years old. I have often tried this experiment with different species by heading a row, and leaving a row; those headed in, made several feet of growth in a year; those not headed, two feet; some of the headed rows grew twenty feet in two years, while those not headed grew six feet. Many persons when they remove a large tree head it in, upon the principle that the roots have been much reduced by transplanting, and that the heads should be so in proportion. This is wrong; though I have practiced it largely, for without the heads, the roots cannot receive nourishment, and the sap is lost not only at the top, but the bottom of the tree also.

Try the experiment, and you will find that the tree with the top left on will do the best by one-half: showing that the treatment which is proper for a small plant, is not so for a large tree.

The idea that trees when transplanted should be replanted in the same position and exposure in which they stood, although a prejudice of very great antiquity, is fallacious, as I have never observed any difference, and have made repeated trials. In planting trees, the roots should be trimmed instead of the tops.

I regret to be compelled to make one statement in this connection that militates against trees in pasturage fields, because I so delight in forest trees, that I dislike to say anything that will have a tendency to induce the farmer to cut them down. Still, I cannot deny that animals will increase much more rapidly in open fields, exposed to the hot burning sun, not only in fattening, but milking qualities, than they will if permitted to enjoy the shade of trees. In the first instance they are continually eating, and taking on fat, secreting milk, &c., and in the second instance, only digesting the morning meal, as they will remain almost the entire day in the cool shade.

Transplanted trees should never be watered, after they are set out. If set properly, we all know that trees require a great deal of moisture, and that it is absorbed through the instrumentality of the spongioles and rootlets, which pierce the soil in every direction; as holes retain moisture nearly in proportion to their depth and size, therefore they should be large, and widest at the bottom; the ground must be thoroughly pulverized, and just before the tree is set, fill the hole with water; then throw in a sufficient quantity of the pulverised earth, and mix it until formed into a perfect mortar; spread the roots of the tree by hand in this mass, and cover them with the finest surface soil, without pressure, then tie your tree firmly to one or more stakes, and it will never require water at your hands.

When trees are watered after planting, the ground becomes hard and baked by the action of the sun's rays, and prevents the absorption of moisture, air, and heat.

If you ever find it necessary to water trees that have been planted after the usual fashion, draw away the earth for a considerable distance around the tree, to the depth of several inches, fill the basin with water, after sunset; let it stand until the next morning, and then fill in the soil in its former position without pressure.—*Robt. L. Pell.*

SPRING WORK.

Every good farmer has decided upon his crops before now, and laid out his land accordingly. Spring wheat, rye, oats, corn, barley, potatoes, have all their lots assigned them, and some of them in the ground weeks ago. But if the spring wheat, oats or barley do not come well, what then? Try again, or try something else? that is the question. And then there are a good many little crops that may not have been determined upon, and that deserve attention in the list of available, as well as profitables. These depend so much upon the particular soil, situation, and aims of a man's farming, that every one must be governed by his own needs and facilities in that particular. We will name a few sorts that do not receive the attention in field culture that they merit:

White Beans.—If you have a piece of light, warm upland, or hill-side, try a patch of white beans. They are good for a farmer's table, most excellent feed for sheep, and will always sell well. In this latitude, about the first of June is the time to plant. Have the soil just moderately rich, and the surface mellow. Sod land will do very well, and the beans will be a good forerunner of wheat, by keeping the land clean of weeds during the summer. In this case the land will need a top dressing of fine manure in the fall with the wheat, for if you plant beans on land rich enough for large wheat, they run too much to vines, and do not fill well. Plant just wide enough to run a plough between the rows one way, and have the hills a foot apart the other way, and keep the surface well stirred and free of weeds. They will yield from 15 to 25 bushels per acre, and generally sell for over a dollar a bushel.

Carrots.—Every man who keeps cows, horses or sheep, should raise field carrots. For these you must work the soil deep, and have it rich with fine, well rotted manure. A clay loam that will work mellow, will bring good carrots; but a dark, rich, sandy loam is better. Ridge up the land so as to have the rows about three feet apart, strike a crease on top of the ridge, and then put in the seed so as to have the plants stand six inches apart in the drill, for orange and white carrots, but if you sow the great white Belgium or green top, they want ten inches. Carrots are a capital daily feed for cows in winter, and they are the nicest alternate for horses and sheep that can be given. Sow the seed before the ground gets very dry, as it wants a warm and moist bed to sprout in. If the ground is not moist enough, the seed should be soaked in water before being planted.

Mangel Wurzel.—Our summers are generally too hot and dry to start this and the turnip crops, and the latter are apt to be destroyed by flies, but where a man has a piece of dark, fine, moist, compact soil, a crop of Wurzels will pay well. They are excellent for cattle, to keep their stomachs in tone during the winter, when they can get nothing else green.

Millet.—This is a good crop to put on a field where some earlier seeding may have failed; it yields a large burthen of coarse fodder, and can be put in and harvested at a time when other seeding or harvesting do not crowd. Sow on any upland that will raise corn or wheat, after the first of June, two or three pecks of seed to the acre.

Corn for Fodder.—We hope farmers have found out that sowing or drilling corn for fodder, is the cheapest way to get a great crop, in this Valley region; and like what we said of millet, it can be got in and off, at a season when the farmer has time to do it. Any time in June is early enough to put in corn for fodder, and it should stand thick enough so it will grow fine.

The Orchard and Shrubbery will need looking to now, to see that the worm's nests are duly disposed of. Take them now and you can make short work of them, before the little webs send out their devouring colonies to strip the leaves. Make a swab of a woollen cloth, upon the end of a light pole, dip it in lye of wood ashes, and rub the nests off—this will make an end of them.

Bee Moths.—Look to the bees and set your moth traps, by raising the hives and resting the corners on flat bits of wood, hollowed out on the bottom, so the moths can go under and spin their winding sheets, and you can raise their cover every few days, and do the job for them. Be faithful in this work now, and you will save the propagation of thousands to trouble the hives in the fall.

Also, see that you have spare hives ready to house the new swarms, when they come. We have seen a good many patent hives and palaces, but we do not know of a better hive for farmers than a clean plank box, with a hole in the top for extra caps, to take off surplus honey.

Changing from Hay to Grass.—All the live stock will need to be looked to in changing from hay to grass feed. Look over the sheep, and clip off the tag locks; see that the weakly ones do not go off with the scours. Let the cattle have salt mixed with a little clean wood ashes. Put a little powder of snuff upon lousy calves, etc.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

BLOODY MURRAIN CURED.—One evening last week, my cow came home sick with the bloody murrain, but not so bad but what she would lick salt, although she refused corn and oats. I pulverized about a tablespoonful of roll brimstone, and gave it to her in some bran slop well salted, and repeated the dose four times morning and evening, by which time she was completely cured.

We have lost a great many cattle with bloody murrain, and this cow is the first one I ever saw cured. When we find them as sick as she was they generally die in about 24 or 36 hours, in spite of all that can be done.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

APPLAUDING IN CHURCH.—In the fourth century the preachers were applauded during the delivery of their discourses, after the manner of popular lectures and political assemblies in modern times. Indeed, the frequent cries of "Orthodox!" and the clapping of the hands and stamping of the feet in the churches, were as common at this period as similar proceedings now are at the opera. It is related that Chrysostom, the celebrated preacher was applauded in the great church at Constantinople by the people's waving their plumes, their handkerchiefs, and their garments; and by others laying their hands on their swords, and exclaiming—"Thou art worthy of the priesthood."

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 16, 20, 5, 22, was one of the prophets.

My 13, 15, 23, 1, 2, is one of the emblems of Christianity.

My 5, 17, 1, 2, 3, 7, was a beautiful queen of Media.

My 11, 23, 4, 8, 19, 2, 19, was a famous range of mountains in the north of Canaan, much mentioned in the Old Testament.

My 24, 2, 19, 1, 25, 26, 25, 14, was the potage which Esau exchanged for his birthright.

My 25, 14, 15, 25, 16, 20, was the son of Amos.

My 1, 25, 16, 18, 6, 26, 2, was the first bishop of the church of the Ephesians.

My 7, 23, 26, 13, 26, 12, 6, 2, was a city of Edom.

My 4, 5, 20, 21, 24, 12, 19, was a kingdom where the Children of Israel were held in captivity.

My 19, 23, 26, 3, 16, 25, 27, 2, was one of the prophets.

My whole was an event mentioned in the Book of Judges.

GAHMEW.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 23, 1, 1, 13, 21, was a noted clergyman of London.

My 35, 31, 14, 19, 19, 3, 33, 33, was an eminent statesman commonly styled the Protector of the Commonwealth of England.

My 33, 4, 23, 24, 31, was a bold and enterprizing traveller sent by Congress in 1803 to explore the western part of the United States.

My 15, 34, 27, 35, 2, was the inventor of the first steamboat.

My 26, 32, 23, 2, 12, 33, 24, 12, is a valley in Bavaria celebrated for the victory of the French over the Austrians in 1800.

My 22, 29, 30, 33, 11, was the founder of the Philadelphia Museum.

My 35, 17, 7, 16, 21, 22, 14, 31, 25, 2, is a village in England where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned.

My 35, 26, 12, 31, 22, 21, is a noted pyramid at which is said 100,000 men worked 20 years in building.

My 10, 7, 5, 34, 13, 14, was a name among the Indians for a magical preparation somewhat like an amulet.

My 6, 20, 8, 11, was a distinguished American general.

My 30, 31, 24, 7, 5, 20, was an officer who sailed with Columbus.

My whole was one of the most bloody conflicts recorded in naval history.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

MATHEMATICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HARMONIDES.

I am composed of 53 letters.

My 10, 44, 22, 21, is the result of the revolution of a right angled triangle around its axis.

My 41, 14, 27, 37, 12, is a subsidiary truth employed in demonstration.

My 35, 40, 22, 3, 49, is a proportion existing between numbers.

My 19, 14, 32, 3, 1, 30, is one of the dimensions of extension.

My 31, 35, 14, 18, is a term for the superficial contents of a figure.

My 1, 13, 15, 43, 33, 28, 27, is a verity made evident by means of a demonstration.

My 19, 49, 5, 26, 13, 2, 20, 2, 31, 27, 6, are of great assistance in mathematical calculations.

My 53, 21, 43, 42, is a power in its primitive state.

My 25, 10, 34, 41, 37, 4, 45, is a triangle unequal in its sides.

My 15, 39, 14, 6, 29, 9, 21, 45, relates to something proposed.

My 2, 36, 31, 33, 23, 29, is a perpendicular distance.

My 24, 36, 17, 3, 10, 26, 50, 30, 13, 47, 41, is perfectly equal as regards sides.

My 6, 10, 51, 43, 41, 31, 17, 27, is a remark which points out the connections of different propositions.

My 48, 15, 7, 50, 43, 4, was the greatest of mathematicians.

My whole is a self-evident truth, and is one of the first axioms inculcated in the study of mathematics.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first a bird will bring to mind;
My next's a preposition;
My third is used by womankind,
In almost ev'ry nation.

My whole's a city, far away
From Arctic ice and snow,—
Its name you've heard ere this, I think—
The answer you must know.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a domestic fowl;
My second is a kind of grain;
My third is a part of the soil;
My whole was an American orator and statesman.

Cannonsburg, Kent Co., Mich. P. M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a part of a hat;
My second is a mineral;
My whole is a drug.

St. Louis, Mo. A. B. PHILIBER.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Given, the sum of two sides of a triangle equal to perches; the angle included between these sides equ 67 degrees, 22 minutes, 48 seconds; and the area equ 210 acres, to determine the sides of the triangle?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTI

ANAGRAMS ON CITIES AND TOWNS I AMERICA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. O, rot not!
2. I'm not Hal.
3. Rob a tongue.
4. Bot Gon.
5. Nor Have.
6. You arm'th.

New York. "NED" T.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What is the difference between a woollen manufacturer and a story teller? Ans.—They both spin yarns.

☞ Why is Brigham Young like the Apostle when struck with the conviction which knocked him from his horse? Ans.—Because he is a *confounded* sinner.

☞ Why was one of our generals in the war with Mexico rather "soft?" Ans.—Because he was a dough.

☞ What kind of fences are the hardest to get over? Ans.—Offences. T. E. WOO

Charleston, Ills.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—A wise man changes his mind, but a fool never does. BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—The raising of Samuel by the Witch of Endor. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Take the Post pay for it. CHARADE.—Penmanship. CHARADE.—Adam. CHARADE.—Henlopen. ANAGRAMS. Phrasecography. 2. Grammalogue. 3. Consternation. Nightingale. 5. Influence. 6. Simplify. TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—260, 280, and 300 perches.

ANSWER TO HARP'S CHARADE IN THE POST OF MAY 16th.

When night's dark mantle's o'er the earth,
And people are at rest,
The thief comes boldly from his berth,
To rob and to transgress.

When men are travelling o'er the land,
In railroad-car or coach,
They're glad to see an inn at hand,
When threatening clouds approach.

The *hood's* a covering for the head,
Which many ladies wear,
When summer from the earth has fled,
And all is cold and drear.

In Britain there was once a band,
Who roamed in merry mood,
A lawless man had the command,
Whose name was *Robin Hood*.

Pequea, Pa. AL